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The Week

EXACTLY a year ago reports from Russia made known to the world the failure of crops over so large an area as to make the threatened famine one of the great catastrophes of history. The possibility of assistance from abroad on anything like the scale demanded centred in two men, Fridtjof Nansen and Herbert Hoover. Nansen failed in securing large resources from the nations of Europe. The League of Nations rejected his plea, and Great Britain made only a trivial and perfunctory response. Nevertheless the noble and generous words in which he urged his mission have become part of the spiritual inheritance of the world. On the other hand, Mr. Hoover had throughout, according to his own statement, sufficient funds for the work which he considered it advisable to undertake. His interim report to the President just published shows that approximately \$48,000,000 of money raised in America was expended by the A. R. A., in addition to \$415,000 on account of the Friends Service Committee. This is probably the greatest sum ever contributed on a single occasion by one nation in

aid of another. Americans who are possessed of a sense of justice will rejoice in the fact that by these contributions we have as a nation made up in some measure for the injuries we inflicted upon the Russian people by our support of Kolchak, Yudenitch and Wrangel and by our participation in the blockade.

RUSSIA apparently is safe against the recurrence of famine next year. Ex-Governor Goodrich reports that the grain crops are good and promise a yield sufficient to feed Russia, if it is properly distributed. The fact is remarkable. During the year of famine a large proportion of the working cattle must have been eaten, and the energies of the agricultural population must have been greatly impaired by undernourishment. If in spite of this condition Russia is able to grow enough food for her population, it would not be surprising if in two or three years she should again appear in the market as an important exporter of grain and importer of manufactured goods.

ACCORDING to the estimates of Stephane Lauzanne, Germany has paid toward reparations only \$1,250,000,000 in all. That is only \$300,000,000 a year for the four years of peace, an insignificant performance for an industrial nation of sixty millions of population. The French would have the best of reasons for imputing bad faith to the Germans if French policy had been honestly directed toward placing Germany in a position in which she could pay. But France has treated the recovery of indemnity as a secondary consideration and the crushing of Germany as the main object of policy. Since Germany could pay only through the exportation of goods based on imported materials, it was absolutely necessary for her to secure credits abroad. The absurd and immoral inflation of the indemnity claims and the constant threat of French invasion obliterated German credit, public and private. M. Parmentier will have difficulty in convincing America that French payments to

America must wait upon the payment of the German indemnity, so long as the French deliberately keep Germany in a condition in which she cannot pay.

THE announcement by Secretary Hughes of the plan for the withdrawal of United States authority from Santo Domingo, and the resumption of the functions of government by the Dominicans, subject to the conditions of the convention of 1907, is a hopeful sign. At least it does away with the superstition that the flag cannot be withdrawn from places where it has no right to fly. The convention of 1907 gives the United States control of customs receipts as security for certain bonds. This control is extended in time to cover bond issues of 1918 and 1922, and in space to include internal revenue. Insofar the position of the Dominican republic has suffered. It is also made responsible for the obligations contracted by the U. S. authorities during the period of occupation. Of course, the agreement contains possibilities of misunderstandings. We cannot, unfortunately, be sure that the United States will not, under pressure from business interests, use these occasions to the advantage of such interests and to the detriment of Santo Domingo. We are glad, however, to accept the present agreement as an evidence of good will and good faith on the part of Messrs. Hughes and Harding, and as an earnest of their intention to fulfill likewise the pre-election promises of the party in regard to Haiti.

THE strike of the shop crafts workers is exhibiting the usual phenomena of industrial warfare—proclamations, picketing, injunctions, strike-breaking, violence. For the moment the conflict has been localized by the agreement of the Railroad Labor Board to reconsider the grievances of the maintenance of way men; but the inevitable employment of the latter in minor repairs, which would ordinarily be made by the shop men, provides the opportunity, and sympathy with the shop men the motive, for the maintenance men to break away from their leaders and walk out. Meanwhile the Labor Board is trying hard to justify its existence by keeping negotiations open. In so doing it doubtless fills a useful function. Its earlier reaction in identifying itself with the government, and proclaiming those who struck against its decisions outlaws would have been mischievous if it had been taken seriously. The Labor Board was set up to adjust industrial conflicts. It has proved to be chiefly a process of reducing wages. It has failed to secure the enforcement of its rare decisions against the carriers. Its claim to overrule the

right of labor to dispute its decisions is ridiculous. It never had any power except public opinion behind it, and it has lost that support. In a sense, the present strike is against the Labor Board, but it is against it as an impotent deception, not as a function of government.

FROM Paris, which can always be relied upon for appropriate hot-weather information, comes news of a novel enterprise—the “spoken newspaper.” When the first number was issued not long ago, the staff of journalists and literary men were assembled on the stage in a well-filled public hall. One man delivered a “leading article” on the financial situation, the budget and the exchange rate. Another followed with a discussion of economy in government administration; while successive members of the staff talked on various subjects such as any well-rounded journal should include in its contents. News of the assassination of Rathenau arrived just as the “edition” was being completed, and some one (the foreign editor, no doubt) improvised an obituary, described as “rapid but learned.” The idea of this “newspaper” is one at which it is easy to poke fun; yet there is something in it after all. That large masses of people want to know the news of the world and are yet below the intellectual level necessary for reading, is shown (in America especially) by the enormous vogue of popular lecturers on current events. The thirsters after audible information, who are usually women because only women have the leisure to learn, would certainly be better off if they could absorb the thoughts of half a dozen persons instead of one. To start a newspaper in New York or Chicago is a matter of several million dollars; to “hire a hall” costs next to nothing, and the expense could probably be met, for curiously enough the same persons who object to paying a few cents for much carefully sifted information printed on paper, will cheerfully pay two dollars to hear far less of the same thing, badly and inaccurately delivered. Many an editor who makes a fool of himself every day in the sequestered depths of his sanctum would pause before uttering his asinine inanities face to face with three hundred fellow humans. If this idea should be tried in America, we reserve the right to make some nominations to the editorial board.

THAT no social reform can be put through without inconvenience or discomfort to some one is illustrated by the growth of the continuation school. The system has created a more complex kind of truancy. Once the boy begins to receive a pay envelope, he begins to lose his taste for class

room tutelage. It becomes harder than ever to force school upon him. Some one must be held responsible. The employer is out of the question; the father cannot take time from his job; but the mother is at the service of the law. She has answered every summons from the school in the past and it seems logical that she should now extend this responsibility. The more recalcitrant the boy, the more severe must be her punishment. It has come about that working-class mothers of working-paper sons are being sent to the Tombs because of their sons' truancy. Theoretically, the father is also responsible, but the mother only has the time to be locked up. The assumption is that she has enough influence over the adolescent youth to make him go to school against his will. The assumption seems weak, unless the boy happens to be more chivalrous than we have any reason to expect considering the example of his father and the courts. There remains one possibility. The teacher might be held responsible for not making the boy want to come to school. Surely, if the boy's non-attendance is so serious as to justify the locking up of the mother, the school might reasonably be asked to show what it has done toward the prevention of his truancy.

The Futility of the Subsidy

THE opponents of the ship subsidy proposal now before Congress are gaining ground in their attempt to have the whole question postponed at least until the next session. Some of those who favor the subsidy are aiding them, alarmed at the amount of hostility the measure has created, and fearing the political effect if it should be passed before the all-important fall elections. To the opponents of the existing bill must be added the name of Secretary Denby who in a speech a few days ago in Japan observed that while the American merchant marine needs some sort of subsidy, it should not be in the form now proposed. His opposition is the more important because a leading argument in favor of the Lasker proposal has been the usefulness of our merchant ships to the navy in case of war.

It is unfortunate in every sense that the question of subsidization for the merchant marine should have been bound up with the disposal of the government's enormous fleet built during the war and as a war measure (though, for no good reason that can be discovered, the building was continued long after the armistice). The two questions ought to be considered separately; instead, the enormous cost of maintenance of the Shipping Board's boats is used as a feverish argument in favor of a policy

of subsidization which would have little chance of adoption if considered on its merits. Clearly, the friends of subsidy hope to establish a precedent which will enable them to secure continuing legislation even after the government tonnage is disposed of—if that happy day ever dawns.

Yet it would be hard to select a worse moment to embark upon a policy of government charity to shipowners than the present. As a result of a world-wide severe industrial depression, shipping is idle in every port. The leading maritime powers have hundreds of vessels laid up, and you can buy ships anywhere at less than the present reproduction cost, though that is lower than at any time since the war began to raise wages. American shipyards are operating at about five percent of capacity, and are building none but special types. Shipyards abroad are in a similar condition. With ships going begging for cargo, sailors are out of work and wages of all types of seamen have been violently "deflated"—those of Americans faster than any other nationality, according to Andrew Furuseth, president of the International Seamen's Union.

For this replete and jaded appetite, Mr. Lasker is hopefully preparing a fine new meal. He expects to sell 3,000,000 tons of his ships to Americans, that being the amount of good tonnage in his 10,000,000. Four million tons of wooden ships are absolutely worthless; the other 3,000,000 steel tons range from fair to very poor, and he hopes to sell them abroad at bargain prices to foreign operators who will agree to keep them out of competition with the American flag. But why should foreigners buy American ships at any price when there isn't cargo enough to keep occupied the ships they already have? And why should American owners buy at a good world market price of \$30 a ton—only ten or twenty dollars less than the cost abroad of new ships of modern improved design—and then tie their new-bought vessels to the wharf? Mr. Lasker can hardly contemplate giving a subsidy so heavy that it will pay the American owner to send his ship back and forth in ballast, as was the case with French sailing vessels a few decades ago. Even if he does, he is wrong; for the interest, insurance and depreciation cost on an average Shipping Board cargo boat will exceed the cash subsidy proposed in the bill. A 5,000 ton steamer costs \$150,000, on which these fixed charges will be not less than 15 percent, or \$22,500. If such a vessel travelled 40,000 miles a year at twelve knots or less her subsidy would be only \$10,000. Even if Mr. Lasker decided out of hand to double it, it would still be less than these charges. All the other forms of subsidiza-

tion (except the 2 percent loans for building) are ineffective unless cargo and passengers are being carried in the normal way.

The plain fact is that the daily expense of the government's great white elephant fleet is being used to rush us into a policy for which we are not ready, and the need of which has by no means been demonstrated. In the reams of testimony taken at Washington this spring at the Congressional hearings, there is hardly a page of expert, impartial opinion on the question whether a subsidy is needed at all, and if so, to what extent. We do know that an expert employed by the Shipping Board to study the effect of subsidies in other countries made a report that they have hardly ever been effective except in the case of Japan, and that the greatest merchant marines have been built without them. We know that Mr. Furuseth testified there is virtually no differential against American ships today on the score of wages and subsistence costs. American ships, he declares, are paying their licensed men slightly more, their unlicensed men slightly less than the British, and under present rulings are permitted to employ a much smaller crew to work a ship of equivalent size. We know that practical shipping men are alarmed by the discriminatory powers granted the Shipping Board under the proposed law. They support it because they are convinced that it is a case of this or nothing, but both officially and privately their recommendations are substantially at variance with the terms of the bill.

Success in the operation of a merchant marine is very largely dependent upon two factors—ships of the best possible design, and expert and intelligent crews. Marine architecture is making great strides, particularly in the direction of substituting oil for coal; the nation which keeps not only abreast but ahead of the procession in improved methods, ruthlessly scrapping the antiquated, is most likely to succeed at sea. For half a century, in a foolish attempt to protect our shipbuilding industry, we forbade Americans to buy steel ships abroad for operation under our flag, and thereby throttled our own merchant marine to death, since American builders were inexperienced at the beginning and had no chance to learn. This unwise restriction has now been removed. As to intelligent and experienced crews, we have in recent years made a good start toward providing them from the ranks of our young men. The LaFollette law, properly enforced (as it has never been) would remove the one obstacle to the restoration of the sea-going tradition of our early history. The provision that a sailor on a foreign ship entering an American harbor may demand one-half of his wages and (if he sees a chance to better himself)

ship on another vessel, has done much to equalize both wages and subsistence on ships of all European nations.

What is needed at Washington is not the hasty passage of a dangerous and complicated bill, but an honest and dispassionate study of the whole question of subsidy, divorced from the problem of getting rid of our surplus war tonnage. Luckily, the agency and the man exist to conduct such a survey. Herbert Hoover, with a unique genius for research and a well-organized Department of Commerce to carry out the detail, could easily go to the bottom of a matter which has had inadequate treatment at the hands of the Shipping Board with its special interest in the question of getting rid of its ships. Mr. Lasker would not like the introduction of another agency; he would doubtless argue that there has been far too much investigating already. That is true; the trouble has not been with quantity but quality.

A Peace Offensive

WHEN war is on, neutrals whose interests are prejudiced have the right and the duty to offer their friendly offices to effect a settlement. It is proper that they should advance concrete proposals and invite the adherence of both parties. But no mediator who is really seeking peace can possibly expect his first proposals, however well considered, to be accepted without discussion and subsequent modification. To insist that they shall be, and that the party which first balks at them has placed itself outside of the pale, is a peace offensive, not a peace initiative. Its effect, so far as it has any, is to throw the force of public opinion to the party which speaks last, with an acquiescence in conditions which it knows have already been rejected. President Harding's proposals for a coal settlement looked fair in intention. There were defects in them, these defects could have been removed, probably, in the course of discussion. The miners rejected them, but not in a bitter-ender spirit. Subsequently a "large majority" of the operators, not in a public document permitting general scrutiny, but by word of mouth in private conference, "pledged readiness to resume activity under the Government's proposal." Accordingly, the President pronounces his effort a failure, with the responsibility upon the miners, and invites the operators "to return to your mine properties and resume operation."

Let us bear in mind that the coal strike is not a fresh war, but a campaign in a long struggle between organized capital and organized labor which began with the collapse of the postwar

boom. Labor must be deflated, that was the watchword of organized capital. The victory over labor in the steel strike ended the first campaign. Next the railways, then coal, then the miscellaneous industries and crafts, were to be deflated according to the program. The Harding administration was generally believed to be in sympathy with that program. It was pledged to normalcy, and wages cutting naturally appeared to it a necessary consequence, if not a precondition, of normalcy. Labor was in a panic over the rapid development of unemployment. Public opinion was apathetic, or inclined to the side of the employers. All the conditions, then, seemed favorable for "putting labor in its place." That was the situation when the coal operators refused to abide by their agreement to meet in conference with the miners and work out a new scale. They welcomed a war that promised an easy victory.

But victory is not so easily won as the operators had anticipated. A change has come over the industrial skies. We are not moving toward the price level of 1914. The downward trend of prices has been checked at a level fifty percent above that of 1914. All the financial prophets are predicting business expansion and rising prices. Labor deflation is thus proved not a prerequisite to returning prosperity. In cutting wages the employers are plainly seeking, not the general good, but their own profit. The public has caught a sense of the realities of the situation, and is no longer anti-labor. Labor itself has become greatly stiffened in its morale. Its strategic retreat has come to a standstill.

Into this situation of an evenly balanced struggle President Harding injected his peace proposals. They were not unfairly intended, to judge by surface appearances. Indeed, one might have inferred that the President was awakening to the necessity of dissociating himself from the labor deflators. That would have meant much for industrial peace. But pressing all the meaning from it that we can, we cannot see in the first peace proposal anything but a tentative formulation which needed drastic modification before it could be accepted by either side.

Any really neutral peace initiative would necessarily have begun with a truce reestablishing temporarily the status quo ante. This the President's proposals, as amplified in his later statement to the miners, did, so far as wages and conditions of employment in the fully organized field were concerned. But where the fighting was fiercest, in the mines partly in operation by strikebreakers, the truce apparently did not hold. Furthermore, a part of the status quo ante was an agreement under

which the miners and operators were to meet in conference to determine a scale. There was no provision in the President's proposal looking to the restoration of collective bargaining in the form with which the miners were familiar. Instead, the scale established for the period of the truce—an excessively brief period, in view of the complications involved—was to be supplanted by a scale worked out by a commission on which labor would have only three representatives out of eleven. This would practically have been to entrust the whole matter to the five members appointed by the President. We do not believe that he would have packed the commission with labor deflationists. But we have no proof whatever that he has abandoned his earlier views of the desirability of deflating labor. And we do not wonder that the miners were unwilling to consign their fortunes to his hands, as they would have had to do if they had accepted his proposals without reservations.

The President's first move for peace has failed, and it deserved to fail. Handled as it was, it was bound to throw the weight of the government to the one side or the other. The present policy of the President, deducible from his invitation to the operators to resume operations, is also bound to fail. The mines may open, under sufficient protection of the army, but they will not succeed in supplying the country with the coal it needs at the cost it can afford to pay. What the national interest demands is peace, and what is still more important, order and efficiency in the coal industry. What the President's policy promises is waste and more waste, suppressed rebellion of the workers and deepening chaos.

States Rights and Children

WHETHER it was well done or ill done, according to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, the national child labor law was done to death by the Supreme Court, and there is little hope that the object of that law can be reached by any other measure that will stand the present constitutional tests. Those who are acquainted with the effects of industrial labor upon growing children will not rest content with conditions as they are left by the Supreme Court decision. They will either work for a constitutional amendment which will enable the Federal Government to enact laws that are binding, or they will set about securing better laws and more effective enforcement in the several states. In an article published elsewhere in this issue Professor Felix Frankfurter suggests that the latter would be the

wiser course. His argument deserves careful consideration, because it rests not upon doctrinaire assumptions, but upon practical experience in Federal administration and upon matter of fact study of the conditions of active citizenship. The government at Washington is necessarily remote from the citizen, and it is hard for him to conceive himself as participating directly in what it does. The State governments are closer to the citizen, and give him more of the sense of responsibility. To remove vital issues, like the regulation of child labor, from the domain of the States is—according to Professor Frankfurter—to weaken the State governments and consequently to narrow the scope of the citizens' active participation in public affairs.

The New Republic appreciates the force of this argument. It does not view with complacency the multiplication of the functions of the Federal Government and the attendant increase in the number of permanent Federal employees. Bureaucracy is capable of working profound mischief in any state. It is especially inimical to democratic institutions. Therefore the burden of proof ought to rest upon those who wish to transfer any function of government from the States to the nation. It must be shown that the interest involved is essentially a national interest, and that only national action will take care of it properly and adequately. Are the rights of children to immunity from industrial labor such an interest? The New Republic believes that they are.

It is not necessary, after a century and a half of industrialism, to argue at length the case against child labor. Every intelligent person who is not blinded by self-interest knows that labor in mines and factories and shops is injurious to growing children. It is a grave wrong to the children themselves, but that may be conceived of as a matter which lies between the children and the State in which they are domiciled, if one chooses to bound his human sympathies by rather shadowy geographical lines. It is a wrong to industrial society, which will pay, in future ill health and incompetence, for the small present profits to the exploiters of child labor. And American industrial society is not partitioned off by State lines. It is a wrong to the nation, which depends in war upon the physical fitness and mental alertness of its young men, and in peace upon the vigor and intelligence of its citizenship.

But child welfare is such an intimate, such an imperative matter: is it credible that the nation should need to step in to hold any State to its duties to its children? Is it credible that the State should need to step in to hold the parents of children to

their duties? It is credible. The history of child labor proves that, conclusively.

That history follows monotonous lines. Wherever industrialism gains a foothold, it finds a medium in which children live not in leisure, but bound to the manifold duties of household and farm. Their employment in the factory is shocking to nobody, neither to the parent, who has kept them at work on less lucrative employment, nor to the factory manager who regards the factory as rather a release from drudgery than an aggravation of it. Gradually there is a speeding up of machinery, an increase in the strain of labor, but nobody observes it, until the proportion of stunted bodies and maimed minds in the adult population becomes striking. It takes at least a generation after child labor in factories has been established in a locality before the majority of good citizens get over the view that it is better for children to be in the factory than on the street. Only then does it become possible to inaugurate a crusade for abolition, against the stubborn opposition of a well entrenched vested interest. That interest may be overcome, but not before it has enjoyed prolonged reprieves through legislation faultily drafted or through defective plans of administration.

We are one nation, but economically our States are in very different stages of development. In the older industrial states the ultimate consequences of child labor are perhaps well enough known to produce a strong sentiment against the system. In the newer industrial States that is not the case. But even in the older States there are powerful interests that have not given up the fight for child slave labor. Always they point to the fact that the products of a State which conserves the health of its children must meet the competition of the products of States which do not. Economic specialists may point out that in the long run child labor never pays, and the States that employ it will be beaten in the competitive race. But legislatures are not made up of economic specialists, and the specious argument from interstate competition affects them profoundly.

The progress of child labor legislation through the State governments has been slow and irregular. The progress of efficient administration has been yet slower and more irregular. Is there good reason for believing that it will be more rapid in the future? Professor Frankfurter stakes his hopes on the woman voter. We also expect much improvement in the quality of social legislation from the woman voter. But also we foresee much loss in the civic zeal of the woman voter from the baffling struggle with well organized interests in the framing of laws and the provisions for ad-

ministration. We are confident that the women of America are against child slavery. But we are not aware of any enthusiasm on the part of the woman voter for child welfare which confines itself within State lines. One needs the masculine tradition of States rights to take satisfaction out of driving child labor out of New York and into New Jersey, or vice versa.

We believe that the case is one that calls for national action. We are not in reality one nation unless we can establish minimum national standards, most of all in the field of child welfare. We are aware, we repeat, of the disadvantages of a multiplication of Federal functions and the growth of bureaucracy. Therefore, although we should look to national legislation to set the minimum standards, we should favor a plan for leaving the administration in large measure to the States, with grants in aid from the Federal treasury to help support the expense.

It may be said that experience with concurrent administration of the prohibition laws does not inspire confidence in the system. We have yet to hear of any State in which prohibition is less effectively enforced under the present scheme than it was under State law alone. We have yet to hear of any State in which popular zeal for enforcing the law has been abated because part of the responsibility has been assumed by Washington. Quite the contrary. Citizens who wish the law enforced are no longer baffled by the reflection that at most they could only chase the saloon keepers and their customers over the river into another State. We have entertained doubts as to the expediency of national prohibition, so long as great sections of the population regarded prohibition as an unwarranted interference in their personal rights. Nobody regards the exploitation of child labor as a personal right, but only as a pecuniary advantage. Nobody will employ children just to spite the law. Nobody will feel that in helping to enforce the law he is prying into someone's personal affairs. Nobody will feel that in trying to abate the evil at one point he is merely exaggerating it at another. It is perfectly feasible to establish conditions under which the good citizen would be encouraged to cooperate with the governments, State and Federal, in the enforcement of the law. And after all it is the cooperation of the citizen in administration, rather than his cooperation in law making, which is most needed at the present time. The political education of our women voters, and of our men voters too can be provided for otherwise. America can not afford to throw her children into the red crucible of the factory, for the mere purpose of stirring up the dull political emotions of the electorate.

The King of Outdoor Sports

THE assault on Mount Everest has failed. After long and patient reconnoitring, including the establishment of camps above 25,000 feet, after elaborate experiments with methods of supplying oxygen by which life can be sustained at high altitudes, after an exhibition of energy, skill, perseverance and pluck on the part of Messrs. Mallory, Morshead, Norton, Somervell, Bruce and Finch, whose names deserve to go down in the history of mountaineering with those of Whymper and Mummery, the final attempt on June 7th was halted by a disaster in which seven porters lost their lives. Bad weather prevented another trial and the expedition returned with its altitude record of 27,000 feet, made by Bruce and Finch.

In spite of the enterprise of The Public Ledger Syndicate, which printed telegraphic dispatches narrating the progress of the battle day by day, it is not probable that the American public was greatly thrilled. Certainly the feat of ascent to the highest spot of the world did not compare in popular appeal with that of reaching the North Pole. For while Americans have taken part in polar expeditions and have left accounts of their experience in the northern seas which have been widely read, few Americans have any background for an appreciation of mountain climbing. There have been few American climbers of distinction; there is little record in literature of their achievements. This is due in part to the fact that American mountains do not in their form and dress possess the romantic lure of the Alps or the Caucasus. Since mountain habits were established in America by the White Mountains, the Adirondacks and the Rockies, it is not surprising that Americans speak of "climbing" when they mean strolling or riding up a trail at a grade of thirty degrees, and think the proceeding a bore. Even a few years ago guides in Glacier Park who professed to know Blackfeet or Going to the Sun Mountain were amazed at the idea of exerting themselves beyond the point where the horses perforce stopped. In these later days the Canadian Rockies and the Yosemite have given an impetus to genuine mountaineering in America. Particularly is Glacier Park, by virtue of the distinction of its mountain forms, which afford a variety of problems involving both rock and ice work, fitted to become a sort of high school of the sport. At present the two most distinguished mountaineers of America are women, Miss Annie Peck and Miss Dora Keen, and both have found their fields of exploit at a distance from tourist routes, the one in the Andes, the other in Alaska.

Far different is the situation in Europe where

the Alps rising like a barrier between North and South early compelled enterprise and inspired adventure. From Roman times through the Middle Ages the well known passes, Mont Cenis, Saint Gotthard, the Brenner, were traversed year by year by students and travellers, caravans and armies; but the heights which loomed above them from which glaciers protruded or avalanches fell were regarded with proper detestation. As late at 1706 Addison wrote: "A very troublesome journey over the Alps. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices and you can't imagine how pleased I am with the sight of a plain."

The first genuine enterprise of mountaineering was a part of the romantic movement. This was the ascent of Mont Blanc in 1786 by Paccard and Balmat and the next year by Saussure with eighteen companions. Visitors to Chamonix will remember the old prints representing the party at the summit, assuming a properly dignified attitude in tailed coats, knee breeches, buckled shoes and tricorne hats. Thenceforward the conquest of the major Alps proceeded steadily. The Matterhorn made the most famous resistance, and the story of the repeated and tragic attempts to scale its cone both from the Italian and the Swiss sides, told by Whymper, is the great romance of all mountain climbing. The disaster which befell the successful expedition on its descent in which five persons lost their lives is still a subject of controversy. Did the rope break that bound Whymper and his guide, Taugwalder, to their ill-fated companions? Or was it cut by the guide?

These early attempts on the Matterhorn, in their haphazard methods, lack of technique, carelessness in stepcutting, clumsy use of the ropes, and especially in lack of preparation and extraordinary recklessness in taking novices along, compared with the scientific precision of the attack on Mount Everest, represent a stage of mountain climbing almost as primitive as that which saw the first ascent of Mont Blanc. But these were the golden days of the amateur. Especially were they the days of the English climber with his individual initiative and his habit of muddling through. Anyone who reads the biographies and memoirs of the 19th century is struck with the number of men of distinction in literature, the professions, or the schools to whom mountain climbing was a passion and Switzerland a playground—Ruskin, Leslie Stephen, John Tyndall, Huxley, Stopford Brooke—to mention but a few. It is impossible not to feel that America has missed something from her culture, by failing to find as vital an element of it in her mountains as in the sea.

The Matterhorn and its wonderful companions, the Weisshorn, the Lyskamm and Monte Rosa

give to Zermatt its distinction as a centre of mountaineering, as the Jungfrau to Grindelwald and Mont Blanc to Chamonix. The real attraction of this last centre, however, is in the Aiguilles, the solving of whose unique problems won for Mummery his fame as the greatest technical climber of all time. Another group of mountains of extraordinary interest and difficulty is the Dolomites, for which Cortina is one centre and San Martino di Castrozza another.

The Alps, both of Switzerland and the Tyrol, are now so well known that even the most difficult ascents have become beaten routes. On the perpendicular face of the Kleine Zinne in the Dolomites every footstep and handhold is known to the guides, and anyone with the requisite endurance and nerve can traverse it. More famous mountains are like highways—even the novice can ascend the Matterhorn, when the ice on the cone is not too bad, by the help of wire cables. The children of the German and Austrian kletterschule make the Dolomites a gymnasium. Before the war the German-Austrian Alpine Club had established huts at strategic points in the Eastern Alps, each maintained by a city branch—the Berlinerhütte, the Chemnitzerhütte, the Dresdnerhütte, etc.—whence ascents could be made with a minimum of preliminary fatigue. It is to be hoped that this feature of Teutonic civilization and democracy of sport will not be lost. Necessarily, however, the lovers of glory were driven further afield, to the Caucasus, the Andes, finally to the Hymalyas where the Duke of the Abruzzi won his fame, and Mummery lost his life, and where this latest expedition so nearly achieved the imperishable renown of the conquest of Mount Everest.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

The Next European Conference

THERE is to be still another conference in Europe. This time it is a surprise conference. What happened was that M. Poincaré, who has in the last five months identified himself as a protagonist against the whole system of diplomacy by conference, and has therefore systematically and so far successfully avoided direct contact with Mr. Lloyd George, had to come to London. Ever since Cannes he had advocated a reversion to the pre-war system of diplomatic notes, and the gradual evolution in writing of diplomatic business. That was one of the main reasons why he refused to go to Genoa in person, and why he did his best to wreck the Conference.

Last week-end there came one of those occasions in life in which fundamentals are the servant of circumstances. When a British organization was raising money on behalf of the devastated districts of northern France, and when as part of the campaign the citizens of London "adopted" Verdun and decided to celebrate the adoption by holding a Verdun dinner, M. Poincaré could hardly refuse the invitation to come to the dinner as the chief guest. Being in London, especially in such an atmosphere as that created at the Verdun dinner, when heroic recollections and common sacrifices seemed to bring back that spirit of cordiality which for a long time has been absent from the Entente, he could hardly refuse to meet Mr. Lloyd George. They met. They had luncheon, and it was followed by three hours of conversation in the gardens of No. 10, Downing Street. As a result a new lease of life is to be given to diplomacy by conference in Europe. M. Poincaré himself promised on the spot to come back to London next month in order to take part in three separate conferences that are to be held simultaneously. The first is on Tangier, the second on reparations, the Near East and the outstanding problems in Europe, and the third on the results of the Hague Conference, assuming those results to be by then available.

It was a surprise to those who had regarded M. Poincaré as an obstinate man with preconceived fixed ideas to find that he has so quickly and so thoroughly changed his whole outlook on the method of solving European problems. Those who had the maintenance of the Entente between France and Great Britain sincerely at heart had been disquieted by the fact that since M. Poincaré's accession to power he had not met Mr.

Lloyd George except for a few hours one Saturday afternoon in February, when they met at Boulogne.

Level-headed Englishmen of all parties are convinced that the Franco-British Entente is indispensable for the pacification and stabilization of Europe. Since returning from Genoa Mr. Lloyd George has been widely criticized for his failure at Genoa fully to appreciate the part played by the Little Entente in helping to smooth over Franco-British differences. From the general European point of view the work that has been done so far by the Little Entente in keeping together the two countries on which, for better or worse, depends the welfare of Europe at the present time, has been invaluable, and is recognized as such by the best informed political minds in this country.

M. Poincaré's apparent change of attitude to European diplomacy has led to interesting comment in French quarters. The French liberals are delighted. "You were wrong," one of them said to me before leaving London for Paris, "when you thought that M. Poincaré was an obstinate man. He is a simple man who takes a long time to see things as they are. It took him a long time to see the idea behind the League of Nations. But he saw it in the end. His present-day backing of the League is not due to unworthy motives. It is genuine support of a good idea."

A typical French reactionary was frankly disgusted with his fallen idol. I asked him what he thought of the latest convert to Lloyd Georgian diplomacy by conference, but I could draw nothing more than a threat. "You wait!" he said. This type of Frenchman is inclined in self-defence and out of reluctance to believe his own senses, to persuade himself that M. Poincaré is paying Mr. Lloyd George in his own coin and perpetrating some dark Machiavellian trick. Such a conception seems to conflict with the reactionary's former defence of M. Poincaré as the preeminently "straight" man who does things above board and in the pre-war style.

Still a third type, more subtle than either, now argues that since Cannes M. Poincaré has been deluding the French Right and merely waiting his chance of being Briandized at the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. "Briand et Poincaré—c'est la même chose"!

There remain the French Chamber and the Quai d'Orsay, both of whom, so runs the general

fear in French quarters, will demand an explanation from M. Poincaré and possibly a price for his "flirtation" in the gardens of No. 10, Downing Street, just as they demanded from M. Briand the price of his lesson at golf on the links of Cannes. Mr. Lloyd George, say the critics, undid M. Briand with a golf club and is undoing M. Poincaré with a garden party.

Some of the subjects down for discussion at the July conferences are as follows:

I. THE HAGUE

According to the British view, the Genoa Conference proved that the French insistence on "the right to demand the return" of confiscated property as a condition precedent to a Russian settlement, simply makes a Russian settlement impossible. It is neither practical politics from the Russian, nor politically justifiable from the international, point of view. As Lord Balfour in a recent note to France pointed out, "every state has the right compulsorily to acquire private property, whatever its nature, on payment of just compensation."

What the British representatives will have an opportunity of emphasizing is that "the compensation must be real, not shadowy." Therein, if at all, lies the chance of persuading the French that their present policy grasps at the shadow and misses the substance.

II. THE NEAR EAST

The position at the moment is that the March proposals of the Allied Foreign Ministers are held up not only by a Turkish refusal of them, but by a renewed attempt on the part of Turkey to bargain with the Allies behind the back of Greece, and at the expense of Greece. In the British opinion the only reason why Turkey had the assurance to propose that such a meeting between the Turks and the Allies should take place, either at Constantinople or on an Allied war-ship, was that she was confident of French support. What, therefore, Mr. Lloyd George made clear to M. Poincaré in last week's conversation was that under no conceivable circumstances would Great Britain consent to such a meeting as that proposed by the Turks. The March proposals went beyond the limit of fairness to the Greeks, and if the question were reopened it could only be for the purpose of improving them, not making them worse for the Greeks. M. Poincaré has apparently accepted that. Secondly Mr. Lloyd George urged the importance of making an immediate inquiry into the most recent phase of Turkish atrocities in Asia

Minor. To this, as was to be expected, M. Poincaré answered that he was quite willing that there should be an inquiry into Turkish atrocities on condition that an inquiry was held into Greek atrocities. Mr. Lloyd George thereupon argued that an inquiry into alleged Greek atrocities was a red herring across the path, that the whole point of the proposed commission was to investigate the behavior of the Turks in regions in which they were in definite control, and that no corresponding charges had been made in regions where the Greeks were in control; and in any case, as the Allies had decided that the Greeks should evacuate Asia Minor, there was no point in holding an inquiry into so-called Greek atrocities. Mr. Lloyd George protested that the attempt to give scope for Turkish wriggling by extending the inquiry was calculated to postpone results and perhaps to jeopardize the work of the whole commission. M. Poincaré made the uncompromising condition that the inquiry should be twofold, and would not even listen to Mr. Lloyd George's further proposal that at any rate the inquiry into Turkish atrocities should come first as being more important, and the inquiry into alleged Greek atrocities should come later. Inasmuch as M. Poincaré had promised to use his influence for speeding up the work of the Commission, his condition that the two inquiries should take place at the same time had to be agreed to.

Signor Schanzer has since paid a visit to London, and has discussed with Mr. Lloyd George the Italian attitude to the impending conference. It is on the Near East that the main work in diplomacy, as between London and Rome, remains to be done. On the general question of political pacification and economic reconstruction, and their particular bearing on Russia and German reparations, there is remarkable agreement between the Italian and British governments. That is why at Genoa and since there has been much talk of an Anglo-Italian entente. There is no question on either side of an alliance. There could be no question of that in any case until there is some sort of agreement on the Near East.

III. TANGIER.

To judge by some of the French papers the Quai d'Orsay seems to be considering a scheme for linking up the Moroccan with the Egyptian question. In the view of the Quai d'Orsay there is an opportunity for a deal. The argument is based on the idea that Egypt is now an independent nation, and therefore Great Britain can maintain a garrison on the Suez Canal only by the consent of the European powers. France, therefore, sees the pos-

sibility of exchanging French consent to a British garrison on the Suez Canal against British concessions to France in Tangier. In 1904 Great Britain granted certain rights to France in Morocco generally, and in the French view those rights might now be extended to cover Tangier.

The British comment on this is—

(1) That there can be no question of weakening our position in so important a station as Tangier and the surrounding country, which faces Gibraltar on the south coast of the Straits.

(2) That the danger of foreign powers questioning our right to garrison the Suez Canal under the new arrangement in Egypt was foreseen and guarded in the Egyptian Treaty itself. At the time when the treaty was drawn up special emphasis was laid by the British government, backed by Lord Allenby, on the Monroe Doctrine therein laid down. A "hands off Egypt" doctrine was agreed on by Britain and Egypt jointly, with the definite object of keeping off foreign interference.

At present the territory of Morocco is divided into three zones of influence under France, Spain, and the Sultan of Morocco respectively. Tangier and its district has a sort of suspended international status. In 1913 and 1914 a commission, whose work has never been published, was engaged in drafting the international statute of Tangier which had to be held up at the beginning of the war. It was, however, drafted and France and Great Britain were prepared to sign, although Spain put forward reservations. No further steps have been taken so far, chiefly because France and Spain have not been disposed to raise the question. Now, however, that French initiative has conceived the idea of linking up Egypt with Tangier the British desire to have the matter settled may get a chance.

It was in 1904 that France and Great Britain agreed on their respective rôles in Morocco and Egypt, as a result of which Great Britain surrendered her political interests in Morocco. Now that Egypt is independent, on the French argument, Great Britain should extend to Tangier wholly or partly the renunciation then made in Morocco in return for what France regards as a concession on the Suez Canal. This argument is by no means accepted in official quarters here. France seems definitely to be claiming the predominant position in Tangier in spite of British financial, economic, and military interests. The position is further complicated by a renewed assertion of its rights by the Makhzen or Moorish government, which is still the legal sovereign over Tangier as part of old Morocco.

Curiously enough the conference agreed on for

July is to be participated in only by the European powers concerned, France, Spain and Great Britain. It is hard to see how the exclusion of the Sultan of Morocco can help a settlement.

IV. REPARATIONS

The failure of the Bankers' Committee to float a loan for Germany raises the whole question of reparations in its old form. The British view increasingly is that the way of salvation lies in linking up reparations and Allied debts and solving the whole as one problem, either in the manner suggested by the British Treasury, whereby Allied debts should be included as an integral part of Germany's liability (on the understanding that payment should not be exacted), or in some other way. France is not wholly averse to this plan, because she would thereby be relieved of her debt to her Allies, which relief would be equivalent to a cash payment from Germany of twenty milliard gold marks.

V. POLAND

The Polish Cabinet has lately fallen, mainly because Polish nationalism has demanded a still bigger army than the swollen and dangerous one she already possesses. The immediate motive in this new demand is an unbalanced desire for a counterweight against the German-Russian alliance. Poland is still obsessed with the notion that her mission in life is to separate Germany from Russia rather than to afford a bridge between them. There are Polish liberals no doubt who realize, as do the best friends of Poland abroad, that a Poland swollen with non-Polish elements whether in Eastern Galicia or in Lithuania may be big in size, but is proportionately weak in quality. But those liberals, if any such there be in Poland, are of little weight. Before Poland can begin to count as a stable factor in European affairs she will have to disgorge her ill-gotten gains in Lithuania. In the British view a smaller, not a bigger Polish army, would add to the joy of nations.

The Anglo-French military pact, which is again being discussed in the French press, is not down for discussion in July. The pact is shelved and must remain so until the conditions on which it was originally offered are fulfilled. At Cannes it was made clear that the pact would be one side of a bargain, the other side being French agreement with Great Britain on such questions as reparations, Russia, and the Near East. Until such agreement is reached the British offer of a military guarantee to France is suspended.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

London, June 23.

Child Labor and the Court

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court, invalidating the Federal Child Labor Tax Law, raises two wholly different questions, each of very serious public importance. The first involves judgment upon the Supreme Court's action, and to that extent is part of a process of continuing critique of the functioning of the Supreme Court in our national life. A totally different, and immediately practical, issue is presented by the consequences of the Supreme Court's decision; in other words, what are we going to do about child labor?

Is it just to claim, as its critics do claim, that the Supreme Court's decision is "unjust and inhumane?" So to maintain is to imply that the Supreme Court either approves of, or, at least, is indifferent to the horrors of child labor. Such an accusation is absurd. Four of the Justices have heretofore expressed themselves in no uncertain terms about the evils of stunted childhood, and in the present case the Chief Justice, speaking for the Court, characterized the Federal Child Labor Law as "legislation designed to promote the highest good." It is appropriate also not to forget the services which the Chief Justice, while President, rendered in behalf of child welfare. To call the decision "unjust" implies that the Supreme Court, within the bounds of its duty, should have sustained the Federal measure. But such a conclusion cannot be reached out of hand. "Humanity" is not the test of constitutionality. Recognition that a law enacted by Congress seeks to redress monstrous wrongs and to promote the highest good does not dispose of the Supreme Court's duty when the validity of such a law is challenged. So long as we are governed by a written Constitution, distributing different powers of government between the Federal Government and the States, with the Supreme Court as arbiter of a conflict between them, just so long will there be occasions, from time to time, when a good law will not be a "just" law, because it will violate the bond of union. We must pay a price for Federalism—at one time the impotence of the Federal Government to correct glaring evils unheeded by some of the States, at other times the impotence of States to correct glaring evils unheeded by the Federal Government.

Let us see how the matter stands with the recent Federal Child Labor Tax Law. In 1918 the Supreme Court, in *Hammer v. Dagenhart*, invalidated an act of Congress which prohibited transportation in interstate commerce to child-labor prod-

ucts. This unfortunate decision was rendered by a divided court, and the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes, on behalf of four of the Justices, has never been answered. Congress at once set about to circumvent *Hammer v. Dagenhart*. It did so by levying a tax of ten percent on the net profits, for a year, of any mill or mine employing children below the prohibited age. The scope of this act is thus accurately described by the Chief Justice:

It provides a heavy exaction for a departure from a detailed and specified course of conduct in business. That course of business is that employers shall employ in mines and quarries children of an age greater than sixteen years; in mills and factories, children of an age greater than fourteen years; and shall prevent children of less than sixteen years in mills and factories from working more than eight hours a day or six days in the week. If an employer departs from this prescribed course of business he is to pay to the government one-tenth of his entire net income in the business for a full year. The amount is not to be proportioned in any degree to the extent or frequency of the departures, but is to be paid by the employer in full measure, whether he employs five hundred children for a year, or employs only one for a day. However, if he does not know the child is within the named age limit he is not to pay; that is to say, it is only where he knowingly departs from the prescribed course that payment is to be exacted. Scientists are associated with penalties not with taxes. The employer's factory is to be subject to inspection at any time not only by the taxing officers of the Treasury, but also by the Secretary of Labor and his subordinates whose normal function is the advancement and protection of the welfare of the workers.

It was inevitable that the Court should draw the obvious conclusion as to the aim of this act and its real field of operation:

In the light of these features of the act, a court must be blind not to see that the so-called tax is imposed to stop the employment of children within the age limits prescribed. Its prohibitory and regulatory effect and purpose are palpable. All others can see and understand this. How can we properly shut our minds to it?

Clearly this was not the usual case involving social legislation before the Supreme Court, where invalidity is based on meanings read into the vague "counsels of moderation" embodied in the "due process" clauses. In such decisions—like the *Lochner* and the *Coppage* cases, and the recent *Truax v. Corrigan*—there is no question of conflicting jurisdiction between States and Nation, but a nullification of state action based on eighteenth century

conceptions of "liberty" and "equality." In the present case, however, the questions before the Court were (1) the dishonest use of the taxing power, and (2) the distribution of power between national and State governments.

These are vital questions, and their disposition could not be evaded by the Court. Whatever a man's social outlook, be he stand-patter or liberal, as a member of the Supreme Court his freedom of action is limited, in good conscience, within the Federal framework of the Constitution. Passion for the abolition of child labor burns, probably, as strongly in some, at least, of the Justices, as it does in Samuel Gompers. Only the former happen to be on the Supreme Court and could hardly escape the force of the following conclusion:

Grant the validity of this law, and all that Congress would need to do, hereafter, in seeking to take over to its control any one of the great number of subjects of public interest, jurisdiction of which the States have never parted with, and which are reserved to them by the Tenth Amendment, would be to enact a detailed measure of complete regulation of the subject and enforce it by a so-called tax upon departures from it. To give such magic to the word "tax" would be to break down all constitutional limitation of the powers of Congress and completely wipe out the sovereignty of the States.

To be sure, the Court had heretofore used weighty language in support of the idea that any measure of Federal social control will be sustained if cast in the form of a tax, however much the substance may be beyond Federal power. During the Civil War State circulating notes were taxed out of existence. That such was the purpose of this heavy tax on State issues was notorious; and yet the Court sustained the Federal enactment. But, while there was some general language as to the uncontrolled scope of the taxing power, the case easily rests on the power of Congress to secure a national currency and, as a consequence, the power to restrain the circulation of notes, as money, not issued under its authority.

A more difficult precedent to explain away is the *McCray* case, which sustained the validity of a Federal tax of ten cents per pound on yellow oleomargarine. The distinction was taken that in this instance an oppressive tax may have been involved, destructive in its tendency, yet not, on its face, "the detailed specifications of a regulation of a state concern and business with a heavy exaction to promote the efficacy of such regulation."

To my taste the distinction thus made between the Oleomargarine and the Child Labor Taxes is not only a fine one—it's too fine. Certainly some of the language used in, and the lead of the earlier case have been repudiated, and respect for

law would not have suffered if the repudiation had been made more explicitly. It is not healthy that the broad issues involved in delimiting the proper scope of Federal and State powers should rest on grounds so subtle that intelligent lawyers, no less than laymen, cannot readily grasp them. This decision will doubtless check further sham use of the taxing power—always excepting the tariff!—by Congress; in any event we may expect, in the future, should new instances arise, increasing frankness from the Supreme Court. All this presupposes, of course, continuance of the established structure of Federal Government and States, and the established scope of judicial review.

The door to the Federal action having now been twice shut, what are we to do about child labor, particularly in the stubborn black spots of the South? In my judgment further Federal legislation, under the existing Constitution, is unavailing and any such proposal as requiring the products of child labor to be branded as a means of notice to the consumer, before acceptance for interstate shipment, would be as futile as, under *Hammer v. Dagenhart*, it is clearly unconstitutional. Naturally, therefore, in and out of Congress, the friends of the child labor movement are pressing for a constitutional amendment. But a whole brood of questions at once demands attention as to the form of such an amendment. Should the amendment deal with children alone, or should Congress be given power to deal with industrial relations? If the amendment concern itself wholly with the prohibition of child labor what means of enforcement should be provided—what power or what duty of enforcement should be lodged in the States? Prohibition of child labor presents different elements from prohibition of liquor; nevertheless, the eighteenth amendment has taught us something as to the limits of effective Federal enforcement. At least it has taught us that there *are* limits. These are questions that call for the most mature consideration, and should enlist, for their wise solution, not merely devoted humanitarians, but legal specialists equally zealous to abolish the plague spots of child labor, but also alive to the delicacies of American constitutional law and to the inherent difficulties of law enforcement.

One even ventures to express serious doubt of the wisdom of a constitutional amendment, rather than, as Secretary Hoover urges, a renewed energetic movement to rouse the States to action. Such an attitude, I am well aware, will be received with impatience and disdain by those who see nothing but the cruel evils of child labor to the exclusion of all else. But the method of dealing with this ancient enemy does present difficulties perhaps as

important as the evil itself. Nothing less seems to be involved than the fashioning of responsible citizenship. It is too easy to look to Washington and a centralized administration for the correction of all our national shortcomings. I do not speak from any regard for traditional states' rights, nor as the exponent of any theory of political science, but as one with some knowledge of the functioning of the Federal machinery and its power further to absorb and discharge effectively nation-wide duties, especially duties of intimate local concern, affected by local conditions of great variety throughout the country.

Of course child labor is of national concern, and some benefits will accrue from national action. But this is true of many other fields which we have not turned over to Washington, because such concentration would be self-defeating in its execution and make for a corresponding paralysis of local responsibility.

Withdrawing children from shop and mine is not enough, unless provision is made to put the children into schools. Today no State can plead financial want, or the need for aid to discharge these duties. If these rudimentary tasks are not fulfilled by the States, the fact shows that there is not enough civic understanding and will, among a sufficiently large number of people, to bring to pass a decent level of citizenship. The deeper statesmanship may well be not to attempt removal from the remote centre of this or that glaring evil, but to awaken the community to the need of its removal, for only by such vigorous civic education will an informed public opinion, essential to the enforcement of decent standards, be secured and sustained. Only thus will the national aspirations be translated from mere negative prohibitions into affirmatively good lives of men and women. The mere fact that progress through the States in the past has been slow—which, naturally, tries the devotion of such noble champions of children's lives as Mrs. Florence Kelley—need be no measure of future progress. For a new political instrument is now available—the women's vote. Why should not the League of Women Voters in every state make it the order of the day to put a wise child labor law upon the statute books of every State and—what is almost everywhere forgotten—an adequate and efficient corps of inspectors for enforcement? What possible competition for the women's interest *in action* can there be to that of securing a wholesome and just child life? If it be said that the women are least organized in those States where the evil of child labor is the most flagrant the simple answer is that nothing will furnish such a stimulant to the cohesive organiza-

tion of women, for the exercise of their political power, as the procurement of fit lives for children. If the women will it, not only would child labor be prohibited by paper legislation but the enforcement of such laws, and an environment fit for children to be born into and to grow up in, will quickly become the possession of every State in the Union. Indeed, the States would furnish competition not in child labor, but in child welfare.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Wings

NOTHING is so symbolic of the spirit of Shelley, "Skylark among poets," as wings; both in the imagery of his poetry and in the events of his life wings play a significant, very beautiful part. Keats in a letter to Shelley has written these words: "You who perhaps never sat with your wings folded," and this simple tribute is comprehensive.

We find in Shelley's poetry countless allusions to wings. "Mercy-winged" is perhaps as beautiful a symbol as any, while the phrase "on the wings of visions" touches all too closely the poet himself. "Downy-winged slumbers," "crystal-winged snow," "the tempest-winged chariots of the ocean" are expressions effectively and beautifully descriptive; "prismy wings," "a child with silver-shining wings," "emerald wings" of the buds of May are a few others chosen at random. "A winged sound of love and joy and wonder" is Shelley's own Skylark, while

—The quick Dreams,

The passion-winged ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music—

is a reflection as applicable to Shelley as it is to Keats.

Wings began to figure largely in the imagination of Shelley's early boyhood. He was always interested in children and decided to have some day "children of his own, little winged ones." This figurative prophecy was later to be gloriously fulfilled when his poems developed "rainbow wings" of fire and ethereal imagery.

When he was older, during school hours, his eyes frequently wandered from his books to the "fleece-winged clouds." Perhaps it was then that his spirit silently felt the longing which later found expression in verse: "O that a chariot of cloud

were mine!" His fancy wistfully followed, too, the flight of swallows, with "longing for their wings."

Shelley's unscientific love for science was oddly characteristic of this same spirit. Chemical analysis broke through the chrysalis of common substance and released fantastic wings. The boy's parents at home and his teachers at school had a genuine and not unfounded fear of his wild experiments.

As the future poet's imagination developed, this passionate interest in the nature of inanimate things was extended to mankind and mankind's relations to the laws governing and goading society. The fact that society would not see it was being goaded brought the youthful poet to the verge of frenzied despair. Restraining bars of any kind were intolerable to Shelley's freedom-loving wings. He scorned the winds of experience that forced wings less defiant through conventional valleys of thought and action and caused them to find there protected satisfaction. He gloried in wind-swept heights and throughout his life breasted tempests of public opinion, disillusion, and misunderstanding. Yet it is peculiarly typical of Shelley's character that he never experienced personal animosity toward those who so persistently misunderstood him. His bewilderment and grief were directed toward the spirit responsible for the misunderstanding, the spirit of intolerance and oppression that warred unceasingly with the ruling spirit of the universe, Love.

In the poet's mystical creed these two spirits represented the Satan and the God of the Christian belief. He felt himself called to be the disciple of Love and to preach its immortal verities. Passionately he believed that this was the spirit which would eventually revolutionize life and reorganize all life's "sad, mad, joyous, piteous pageantry." His theory was simple. Nestled wistfully in the depths of each human soul was the seed of "ultimate perfectibility" which only needed communion with Love to unfold and develop imperishable power. In this way only, by a force from within, could mankind be regenerated.

When mankind refused to accept the doctrine of the youthful visionist, his own love, instead of reacting in bitter abuse, saddened and deepened. His wings, pitying, brooding, tender, quivered widespread over the unheeding sons of men, and from the anguish of his spirit sprang that glorious poem of redemption, *Prometheus Unbound*.

The indifference of mankind to a nature like Shelley's which passionately craved love, his own ill-health and his shattered ideals dimmed the glory of "star-crowned heights," it is true, but they could

not make Shelley fold his wings. The desperate struggle to keep on the heights of his faith was responsible for an ever-increasing restlessness which broke out finally in a cry of wistful, bitter pain: "No bird so wild but has its quiet nest" where wings "are folded like thoughts in a dream." But to the wings of Shelley rest was denied. The "quiet nest" of Truth they never found. Yet it was not until the waters of Spezia claimed the tired wanderers that they desisted from their search.

Prometheus brought down from heaven the fire of wisdom, Shelley the glory of song. If the poet's wings in soaring brushed too near the stars and thus were bruised and torn, the star-dust that fell to earth—symbolic alike of glory and of pain—will ever remain suggestive of Shelley's own limitless regions, Shelley's incomparable song.

IRVINE GRAFF.

Adventure

I do not care though apple-trees in flower
Shake out a beauty over-fair to die,
Or shed light blossom in a rosy shower
Because a wind has laughed it knows not why.

Not though all Summer's flaming up the sky—
And riotous loves abound and dreams hold power
Not in this hour when June has wed July
Shall I pay tribute even to this hour?

But where blanched waves foam up the shivering keel
And midnight howls and creaking ships go down
Seas of adventure—there I'll seek my joy.

Till driven by thin winds that cut like steel
I seek the harbour of some sea-port town
And wake to find I'm anchored safe in Troy.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Cowardice

Here to the margin of that Mystery
That breathes along the immeasurable shore
Of human understanding, like a sea
Whose breast is troubled, I am come once more.
The fringes of the surf are at my feet;
Moon-roads that have not ever met our own
Lead out beyond where sound and silence meet
To waters untraversed and ports unknown.

These are my footprints in the sand: they mark
Too plainly the irresolute course I took
Across the dunes. And had I dared embark,
Captainless in a ship of stars? . . . Ah, look,
How the compassionate hands of wind and tide
Cover what I already wish to hide!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

The Diary of a Miner's Wife

MARCH 28.—I am really glad that the suspension is so close at hand even if we haven't saved much money. Bob and Ignatz got another overdose of dynamite smoke again today and the doctor told Bob last time that he must stay out of the chamber until the air cleared. Of course he ought to, but what can he do when the smoke hangs in the chamber for two or three hours after the shot has been fired? This time they left the chamber before they had to be carried out but Bob was pretty sick when he got home. A rest will do him good, if the suspension isn't so long that he has to worry about how we are going to live.

Opinions on how long the suspension, which everybody here insists on calling a strike, is going to last are conflicting. The papers are most optimistic but their grounds for optimism seem vague. On the other hand the pessimism of the men is founded on a fact which is perfectly definite although far-fetched. All the old miners are predicting a long interval of idleness because the rats are all leaving the mines. It doesn't seem possible that they can know the difference between the three or four days holiday at Christmas time and the suspension of work for an indefinite period but, whatever the reason, the exodus is a fact. For the last two or three days the rats have been drifting out of the slope-mouth by twos and threes until today Mr. Smith on his daily inspection of the mine saw only four by actual count where ordinarily he would have seen at least that many hundred. The last time that the rats left, the mines were closed for six months and accordingly the miners fear, or rather are prepared for, the worst. Personally I think that the rats are just as likely to be right as the newspapers.

I have always wondered how people got along in such a time and now, if the strike lasts more than a month, I'll have a good chance to find out. Fortunately, Jake and Louis have promised us credit at the store so we'll be able to keep on eating and we have at least the shelter of this one room. I'm glad now that we listened to Mr. Smith when he reminded us last winter that if we moved we'd probably have to pay rent, strike or no strike, but if we stuck to our original agreement and stayed with him and his family, instead of moving, we could keep our room rent-free until the strike ended and the mines opened up again. I am very weary of living in this one not very large room but it is certainly lots better than the street.

It's the greatest comfort to Bob to know that food and shelter are provided for. Our clothes are not elegant but they fulfill the requirements of decency and so our little money ought to last us a long time. Our amusements will be confined to watching our neighbors as everyone else does, and for my part I shall be interested in observing the psychology of a suspension.

April 1.—All Fools' Day. Sometimes I think there's a sort of sardonic fitness in selecting that date for the beginning of a suspension that will mean trouble and anxiety for hundreds of thousands of people and a vast money loss as well.

The men took their tools out of the mines today. Their spirit was exceedingly cheerful and good-tempered. They left the men necessary to keep the mines in condition at

work and everything is perfectly peaceful around the mines and in the village. On every corner is a group of men endlessly talking—but not as yet about the strike. Nobody seems nearly as much interested in that as in the local prize-fighter. "Two weeks" seems to be today's rumor about the duration of the suspension, the rats to the contrary notwithstanding. Bob agrees with the rats in thinking that the suspension will be a long one and somewhat to my disappointment is already looking for a job. He argues that his chance of finding one is better now than it will be later for everybody will loaf for a couple of weeks and then there will be a rush for what little work there is. He doesn't want to get too far behind after spending all winter paying for little Mr. Baby, who was an expensive luxury for poor people like ourselves. I quoted the doctor to Bob but he replied that the doctor had forbidden dynamite smoke, not work. This is true and I have withdrawn my objection. I hope he finds something for it will relieve his mind.

April 15.—Poor Bob is faint yet pursuing. Jobs are as scarce here as they were last year in New York. Even the farms are all full up. There is so much road work beginning that one would think there would be plenty of room on a road gang for the pay is only thirty-five cents an hour, the work hard and the hours long. Still it seems difficult to get on one. Mr. Smith explains this by saying that graft generally deals out jobs on construction and road work. I had always vaguely imagined that graft sat exclusively, or at least principally, in the seats of the mighty, but here it seems to occupy kitchen chairs as well.

April 20.—This morning we had our first real taste of what a strike means. Jake and Louis—or at least Louis—stopped our credit at the store. It is not quite a month since they asked Bob why we were not sending in larger orders and when he replied that we were economizing trying to save up for the suspension, they said: "Strike, hell! Order what you want. We'll see you through." Bob reminded Louis of the foregoing conversation to which Louis replied that they hadn't known how long the strike is going to last and that nobody was giving *them* groceries. This is a real blow.

We haven't very much money left and Bob hasn't yet found work though "Squire" White has promised him a job on the road when the work starts up here. It was supposed to have been started on the fifteenth of this month but there has been a split in the council—"A hold-out for more graft" is the way it was explained to me, and matters are at a standstill. Well, at least we are not yet sleeping on a hillside. We still have a roof over our heads, as I remind Bob, who is discouraged. Also I have succeeded in convincing him that it is foolish to be proud and haughty at such a time and so I am going to take my turn after that will-o-the-wisp, a job.

April 25.—It is most unpleasant to feel absolutely superfluous—there can be nothing so damaging to one's self-respect. Before, when it didn't much matter whether I worked or not, I never experienced the slightest difficulty in landing a job and now that it is really urgent—now

that little Mr. Baby's oatmeal and condensed milk may depend on it, absolutely the only work I can find is domestic service. And even in that they demand experience. Nevertheless, I would not be in the least afraid to try to be second maid or practical housekeeper. In fact I would be perfectly willing to perjure my soul to the extent of claiming experience and even writing my own reference but Bob declines to let me try. I am partly relieved by his firmness and partly sorry. I feel sure that the experiment would be interesting and perhaps salutary but I do not think it would be particularly agreeable, and I should not like to leave little Mr. Baby exclusively to his too indulgent father. Therefore I have decided to possess my soul in patience and keep an eagle eye on "Help Wanted—Female."

The conference between the miners and operators in New York is most interesting. Bob and I feel much as a totally inexperienced gambler might feel who had accidentally—if such a thing is possible—staked all he had at roulette. We are as vitally interested and as utterly powerless to turn the wheel one way or the other. It is certainly to the operators' interest to avoid forcing the issue as long as they can. I suppose they believe that if their men are out of employment long enough to feel the pinch, they will be infinitely more willing to accept a cut in the present wage—bread without butter being preferable to no bread at all. The situation would be more likely to work out in this manner if the men themselves felt that they could take a cut and still have a *fair* wage, but they have no such feeling. They very genuinely and from the bottom of their hearts believe that they not only are entitled to, but need and *must have* the wage that they are receiving at present—or rather were receiving before the suspension.

It would be hard to exaggerate the peaceful determination of the men on this point. There is no wavering, as far as Bob can discover, no hesitation, not one thought of submitting to a cut. No one expected an increase in the scale of pay. The demand for a raise was merely inserted as a shock-absorber, so to speak, for the operators' proposed cut. Whether or not the shock was absorbed is yet to be learned, but from present indications it was not. The operators have given out nothing definite but the general opinion is that they will insist on the cut. At present it looks to us as if the old, old problem of the irresistible force which encounters an immovable obstacle is about to be solved—and hundreds of little families like ours are directly between the two.

April 30.—Apparently the members of the council have come to some agreement about the graft, for the road work begins in a day or two. This is none too soon as we are running low on cash. The work is hard, but, as Bob says, it is no harder than the work in the mines and is at least carried on in the good, fresh air. The chief trouble is the nine-hour day and the fact that they are only going to pay thirty cents an hour instead of thirty-five. Thirty cents an hour means only \$2.70 a day. But as long as we don't have to pay rent we can manage on that for awhile, especially as there are so few of us. Getting along on that wage will be more of a problem for the men with large families.

May 3.—Bob talked to Charlie Jones today. Charlie has six children and Jake and Louis have shut down on him also. His wife, however, used to work in a lumber office and she has gone back there while her husband stays at home (a very shabby, unpainted frame home) and looks

after the six. It is pretty close sailing but they are more used to it than not. Even \$4.20 a day does not support a family of eight in luxury and about the only difference the children notice is that at meal times their plates hold more bread and fewer beans.

May 9.—Today the road work actually started. The first thing on the program was a strike. When Bob arrived, the men had struck for forty cents an hour and an eight-hour day. After some discussion, they agreed on thirty-five cents and nine hours. As these are the wages and hours for road work that prevail all over the state, the terms were as good as they could expect.

Bob said that the work wasn't bad: fresh air instead of dynamite smoke makes so much difference. He was more cheerful tonight than he has been since the suspension started. He said also that nearly all the gang spoke of the difference in the working conditions and gave it as his opinion that if mine wages were cut to anywhere near wages for any out-of-doors labor, there would be a general exodus from the mines for that very reason.

May 10.—Tonight Mrs. Smith went out—destination unknown—and a few minutes after her departure Mr. Smith, our landlord, called me out of our room into the upstairs hall and there, just outside our door, the following conversation took place:

Mr. Smith: Mrs. Carew, I've been having hell for the last two weeks and it's all been on your account.

Myself (somewhat taken aback): Why, Mr. Smith, I'm awfully sorry. What's been the trouble?

Mr. Smith: Well, my wife has been giving me hell for letting you people stay on here in that room. She wants me to tell you to get out.

Myself (still more surprised and wondering what in the world I can have done): But what can have made Mrs. Smith feel so about us all of a sudden? She's treated me just as she always has done and it's just the other day that she said she'd like to rent us two rooms if you moved into that seven room house. Why did she say that if she feels so strongly about us?

Mr. Smith: My wife doesn't always say what she feels. Well, I told her I wasn't going to say anything to you about leaving so you needn't tell her we've had this little talk, but you just find another place and nobody need know anything about it and there needn't be any hard feelings.

Myself: Most certainly we'll move—but where in the world can we go? I guess we'll just have to buy a tent and try camping out.

Mr. Smith: All the land here is company land and I feel sure that while this suspension is going on, they wouldn't let anybody camp on their land.

Myself (Still dazed from the suddenness of the blow): What can we do, then? We can't afford to move to Wilkes-Barre and pay thirty-two cents a day carfare and a high rent into the bargain.

Mr. Smith: Well, just find another place and move.

Myself: Oh, we'll move, don't worry! But I do wish I knew what I've done to Mrs. Smith. I can't imagine . . . I can't understand.

Mr. Smith: I guess the women around here got to asking her why she didn't tell you to go and fix up your room as a parlor and so she decided she wanted one.

Myself: Oh, I *see*! I don't blame her for wanting a parlor but why in the world didn't she say so right out to me?

Mr. Smith: She didn't have the nerve and I said I wouldn't, but she nagged so about not having a husband that was any sort of a man. So you just find a room and move and she needn't know that you know anything about what she's said and there'll be no hard feelings. . . .

May 11.—Today has been a hard one. To begin with, Bob had overheard most of the foregoing conversation and his hot temper grew hotter during the night. In spite of Mr. Smith's express desire, our departure won't take place without "hard feelings" as far as Bob is concerned. Nor are my own particularly serene or kindly.

Bob worked today and this evening went down to Sugar Notch. Here he managed to find two rooms in a basement. They are damp, dark, dirty and probably already densely populated but they are absolutely all we can find. We pay only six dollars a month for them and if all goes well we will not be there longer than a month.

May 12.—Today we moved. The moving, which was accomplished without a rupture and with the assistance of a man plus a horse and wagon, cost \$2.50. This is fortunate, as after paying the rent and for the moving and buying some absolutely necessary and amazingly expensive stove-pipe, we have only \$2.00 to last us till payday, a week from Saturday. Owing to a desire to be economical we had let our stock even of staples get low so that the next days are going to be a fast. It doesn't matter for me because I can live on very little, but the work Bob is doing is very hard and he has to have nourishing, substantial food. Oatmeal seems to be about as sustaining and as cheap as anything and it has the advantage of being a food of which all three of us can partake, so for the next week we'll all be Scotch and breakfast and sup off the parritch. Lunch non est as far as I am concerned and Bob will feast cheaply, and I hope substantially, off pork and beans at ten cents the can. It will be closer sailing than any we have yet weathered but we can make it without being beholden to anyone—a thing which, after our experience with the Smiths, we both shun.

Our rooms are unspeakably awful. Our landlady—Polish, as is everybody else in the neighborhood—has washed but has neglected to sweep the walls, in places whitewashed and in places decorated with odds and ends of wallpaper. Whitewash and paper are alike decorated with festoons of inhabited cobwebs. The windows are small and obviously not made to open but as most of the glass is missing their immovability does not much matter.

My first act was to seize the broom and attack the cobwebs but my onslaught brought down such a shower of plaster and earth that I was forced to desist, realizing that my landlady had left the cobwebs untouched not through laziness but because they are all that hold the walls together.

May 14.—We are still alive although the month seems to stretch out endlessly in prospect. My fears about the dense population of the house are realized, only there is more variety than I had anticipated. Bob killed a large centipede last night and I never either in life or imagination saw so many and such different kinds of spiders. I only wish these were all! We are making a gallant but I fear losing fight against the vermin. Fortunately we have some insect powder left over from the last fly season, otherwise we would find ourselves in the unpleasant position of having to choose between buying food and serving as food.

The tobacco problem is a serious one. Bob's spirit is perfectly willing to go without lunch to buy the "makin's" but his flesh is weak and he finds that he cannot work in the afternoon unless he eats lunch. He therefore compromises on a five cent can of sardines and the other five cents go for tobacco. We are both getting thin in spite of the fact that all dietitians list oatmeal as particularly fattening.

May 16.—Today the United Mine Workers of America were heard from. The local secretary (Polish) came up to the road gang and denounced them as disloyal to the cause. He claimed that by working for \$3.15 a day the men were proving to the operators that they could live on that wage and begged them to stop work. He only infuriated the men, union and non-union alike although of course these mines are union mines.

Bob has never been asked to join the union here and this local seems weak. I am informed that this is on account of the universal Pennsylvania graft but to my mind one chief trouble is the jealousy of the two nationalities which chiefly inhabit this district. For many years the communities around here were almost exclusively Welsh and the union officials were entirely so. Within the last few years the Welsh have been submerged by a Polish wave. All the local U. M. W. officials are Polish and they entirely control the local union. The Welsh have practically withdrawn from active membership though nearly everybody at least nominally belongs to the union.

On the occasion of the Secretary's visit to the road gang Welsh and Poles and the one native-born American (Bob) united against him. They told him emphatically and profanely that they were supporting the union by refusing to work in non-union mines; that they would not let their families starve and finally that if the union would pay them three or even two dollars a day they would be very glad to lay down their tools. The Secretary replied that the union would pay them what they were receiving on the road. The men reiterated their promise to quit work under those conditions and the Secretary withdrew saying he would tell them the final arrangements tomorrow. Most of the men felt that he was just bluffing.

May 17.—To think that we once ate oatmeal of our own accord! I never realized before what a wonderful race the Scotch are.

The road gang had two visitors today. The first was the Secretary. He had to admit that his promise of the day before was a bluff and then he made another attempt to dissuade the men from working. Of course under the circumstances his words had even less weight than before and the gang cursed him heartily and threatened to throw him into the ditch. So he retired from the field having aroused considerable bitterness against the union even in the hearts of the union men.

The second visitor was King Graft in the inoffensive person of "Squire" White. He came to line up his voters at twenty-five dollars per vote. Bob admits that he doesn't know whether he'd have had strength of mind enough to refuse if he hadn't known that his oatmeal diet would end Saturday. Heaven knows I don't blame the men who voted according to instructions but still I'm glad that Bob refused.

May 18.—This morning a very gorgeous Pole walked into the kitchen without knocking. I was standing at the

stove and did not hear him until he was almost up to me. He beamed upon me ingratiatingly and asked me something in Polish which I took to be an inquiry for our landlady. I answered him in English and he in the same language asked me if we rented "this one place." On my admitting that we did, he departed. I don't know why this unimportant incident makes me uneasy but it does. I suppose it is because I feel as if I were in a foreign land. One hardly ever hears a word of English except from the children. The women all wear shawls even in warm weather though they dispense with shoes and stockings.

Every Pole is his own home-brewer, too. Our landlady is especially adept and makes a good deal of money by selling her product. She drinks almost more than she sells and is frequently heard shouting what sound like horrible curses at the children.

Being unwilling to buy a ton of coal in case we do not stay more than a month, we arranged when we first came here with our landlady via her eldest daughter (12) to use their coal and either pay them for it or return it. She was really quite accommodating about it and even went further. She had a handle put on the outside door. Her kindness however did not extend to furnishing us with a key so that when we go abroad we take our worldly wealth with us.

There are no screens to our windows and flies, mosquitoes and gnats enter in great abundance—also cats. At night the house is pervaded by cats and rats. At first we hoped that by allowing the cats free ingress the rats might be kept out but apparently the millennium is sufficiently close at hand to allow cats and rats to dwell in amity together for both make night hideous with their revelry.

May 19.—At last the operators have put out their proposals. Evidently the miners' demand for an increase didn't act as a shock-absorber for the operators' cut, for they are proposing a reduction of from 18 to 21 percent—rather more than I expected. The men seem surprised but not in the least inclined to accept the cut. At present, however, I am more interested in the fact that tomorrow brings a meal which is not a misplaced breakfast. It is about time as far as Bob is concerned for he is qualifying for Barnum's sideshow. As for me, I am getting a really good figure so the discipline has its compensations. Little Mr. Baby is fatter than ever and extremely jovial. He has no desires beyond oatmeal and Bob and I do most devoutly envy his unflinching joy at the sight of his saucer of parrich and condensed milk.

May 20.—After the fast, the feast: Bob brought home the money, some \$20.00 after a couple of days had been held out and the day that the gang was unable to work on account of rain deducted. Twenty dollars seems like a fortune to us just now. He brought also some eggs and bacon and butter so that we had another misplaced breakfast for supper but it was a more welcome kind. After supper we all put on our "other clothes" and went to Wilkes-Barre. We changed our books at the library and bought a pair of shoes for Bob, the cement having ruined for anything but work the only pair he had. On our way home we bought a few groceries but we were both so tired and little Mr. Baby was so heavy that we decided to do the bulk of our buying for the next two weeks on Monday. We have \$13.50 left and can easily get along for two weeks on that after living for eight days on \$2.00.

May 21.—What can I say of today's happenings? Misfortune certainly does seem to have marked us for its own. I suppose our luck will turn sometime but it will take years of good fortune to compensate for the bad we have had in the last few months. To begin with, I woke up this morning feeling so miserable that I stayed in bed while Bob did the work. Bob wanted to see a man about some more road work when this is finished—as it soon will be. He started off at eleven, promising to be back as soon as he could and bidding me lock the door behind him. About three o'clock I began to expect Bob to return. A vague feeling of uneasiness possessed me and I got up and dressed with a half-formed idea of going to look him up. Time dragged on and still he did not come. I don't think I ever felt so helpless in my life. I did not know the name of the man that Bob had been going to see; I did not know where he lived and if I had known I could neither have taken little Mr. Baby or left him.

When sunset brought no Bob, I knew beyond doubt that something serious had happened. The next few hours were spent in an endeavor to prepare my mind for the worst and at the same time to try to convince myself that he might be all right.

At nine o'clock I heard his step on the porch and realized with a thrill of thankfulness that made every other possible contingency seem light, that he himself was safe. Before I could reach the door he had opened it and reeled into the kitchen bringing with him the smell of whiskey. I recoiled for an instant thinking he must be drunk but before I could speak he read my thought in my face and raised his hand. I saw a bandage on his wrist and realized that he had been hurt.

"What has happened?" I gasped.

Bob leaned wearily against the door-frame.

"I'm not drunk. I started home about half past two and met Henderson."

"Henderson!" I exclaimed. He was an old acquaintance of Bob's dating from his army days.

"He asked me if I'd have a glass of soda with him. I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't, so I went into Eddy's with him and had a bottle of root beer. When I came out he said he'd walk down the railroad track with me and that's the last thing I remember until half an hour ago when I came to myself with a couple of the boys working over me."

"My money, of course, was all gone except a dollar he overlooked and the little you had in your bag. I had my back turned when he handed me my root beer. Knockout drops. A couple of the boys helped me as far as the corner or I wouldn't have been here yet. They gave me the whiskey you smell. Tomorrow I'll get Henderson."

Why prolong the agony? After hours of remonstrating I persuaded Bob to leave Henderson to the tender mercies of the Lord, his conscience and the police. Now Bob is in bed tossing and muttering in his sleep, flushed and feverish. The wound on his arm is just a scratch, received he doesn't know how, and I think he will be all right in the morning.

I can't sleep on account of my throat and mouth so I am reviewing our situation. Our available capital is \$2.50 and for once in my life I regret not being extravagant. I wish particularly that I'd bought our groceries Saturday instead of waiting until Monday. Bob learned, too, that the gang will not do the grading that we planned on and that the road will be finished about Wednesday.

May 22.—Bob and I feel miserable and pretend to each other that we are all right. Scotch again.

The insurance man came this morning to collect for Bob's insurance but of course we couldn't afford to pay him. I told him the story in the presence of the landlady's small son Johnny, aged six, who seems to understand English. His mother's sympathy with our predicament was tactfully and immediately demonstrated.

This evening when Bob went out to the coal house to get coal (as per agreement), he found a strong new padlock on the coal-house door. Bob and I flatter ourselves that we can take a hint and have come to the conclusion that they don't *want* us to use any more of their coal. One might have supposed that this would prove the last straw but instead it has acted as a tonic and for some reason amuses us hugely. Bob took a basket and went forth along the railroad track of ill omen. It proved kinder to us today than Sunday and he picked up a basket of coal without any trouble. This will last us for two days and promptly disposes of that problem. I now recall the books of my childhood in which all the virtuous poor are depicted in the first chapter as picking up coal off the railroad track and in the last as picking gold off everything they touch. I hope the analogy will extend to our last chapter.

May 23.—Today we sold some of what little furniture we have. The money this brought in will last us about ten days; after that the deluge as far as I can see now. Bob is all right again but I seem to be getting worse. My mouth is so painful that I can neither eat nor sleep and I feel now that I have not been half sympathetic enough with poor little Mr. Baby who has been teething for several weeks.

I sometimes think that we are getting away too far from the individual in this day and generation. Everything is corporation, organization—and demoralization? In some senses of the word it is demoralization. To begin with; so much organization weakens the feeling of individual responsibility and with a lessening of individual responsibility comes a lessening of individual morality. Then, too, organization is responsible to a certain degree for such situations as the one in which Bob and I find ourselves now.

He has the misfortune to be an individual instead of a unit of organization and our social system does not at present take account of individuals. If our situation continues unaltered Bob will become really demoralized. That is to say that rather than ask of charity the food and shelter to which he feels his wife and baby entitled, he will take it by force from a society which he is beginning to regard as his natural enemy. The moment he employs force to feed his family, he becomes a criminal and as such is recognized and provided for by the social system. Surely, there is something wrong with a scheme which instead of permitting a strong intelligent man to contribute to society, drives him to prey upon it and at last—for, of course, he will ultimately be caught—forces society to support him and possibly his family as well.

May 26.—Society will have to look after me for awhile. I have been forced by illness to lay down the white woman's burden and it is a heavenly relief even though I feel like a quitter for adding my sickness to Bob's burden. I don't know what arrangements he and the doctor are making; these are between them and society. All I know is that somebody else has to be responsible now, for I can no more.

BEATRICE CAREW.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Defence of American China

SIR: On page 87 of your June 21st issue you discussed the merits of the proposed tariff on pottery. In this discussion you make one statement which I am confident is based on lack of touch with actual conditions.

You state, "But it is notoriously true that we have not yet learned to produce china of any artistic value. How can our manufacturers be taught to do so? Surely by a public which keeps on preferring and buying the incomparably better looking foreign makes." As a matter of fact it is questionable whether any china is being produced in the world today which is comparable in quality, artistic merit, and in craftsmanship with the Lennox china produced at Trenton, New Jersey. Every American of artistic appreciation who is at all in touch with the fine china being sold today is aware of the enormous advance made by The Lennox China Company and of the rare and beautiful quality of their product. To achieve this excellence has cost them many years of hard work, excessive losses and the investment of considerable capital.

There has also been produced during the last ten years, a very high quality china in Syracuse at the Onondaga Pottery. This ware is every bit as good as the French china but quite possibly is not of as high a degree of excellence as the finer English Bone China such as Wedgwood, Minton, Doulton, Coalport, Worcester, etc. There are also at least three other firms who during the past two years have gone to a great deal of expense in the effort to enter this same field.

I feel it is regrettable that so notable an achievement as that of The Lennox China Company should have inadvertently been overlooked in the statement which I quote from your editorial column. I am confident that you yourself will feel the same sense of satisfaction and pleasure in looking over this American product as has been felt by those already in touch with it.

R. GUY COWAN.

Member Art Committee American Ceramic Society.
Rocky River, Ohio.

"Damn you for such ideas"

SIR: Please allow me to register my whole hearted disapproval of your attitude as expressed in the editorial comments of June 28th on the question of excluding Negroes from the Harvard dormitories, and in other articles you have recently published along the same lines.

I am telling you the truth when I write that I am thoroughly sick of your publication, a sentiment which I will translate into action when subscription renewal is asked for.

The way I understand your article is that you stand for mixing white and negro youth in the same dormitory. After that, if you had your way, you might propose further mixing, no doubt, though you don't mention it at present. I cannot adequately express myself in this letter, and stay within the law, do you understand,—but damn you, notwithstanding, for such ideas and sentiments as you have already expressed.

L. A. G.

Montreal.

From Eltzbacher to Ellis Barker

SIR: It may interest and enlighten your correspondent, F. S. Rodkey, to get the antecedents of the "English" writer he quotes.

The author of *Great and Greater Britain* is a native of Germany, who on entering the political arena in support of the Protectionist campaign of the great "jingo" Joseph Chamberlain thought it wise to Anglicize his patronymic, of Julius Eltzbacher to J. Ellis Barker.

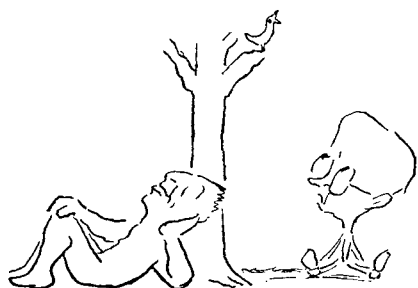
Outside of a narrow political clique his views have never had weight with the British people, and it is surely grotesque to quote such typical examples of "Kultur" as representative British opinion.

GEORGE FAWCETT.

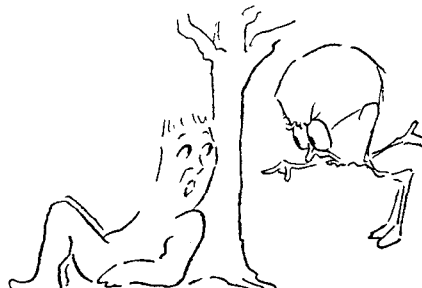
New York City.

The Crow's Nest

Our Two Selves: Instinct and Intellect



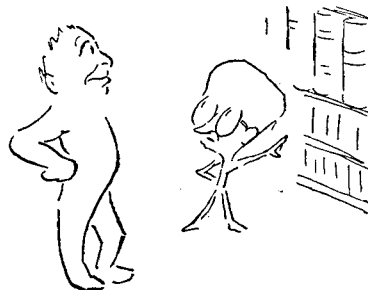
1. Instinct is enjoying himself but Intellect thinks Nature is tedious.



2. "Here, wake up!" says Intellect. "There's a library. We ought to be learning something."



3. Instinct doesn't see how he can learn anything there.



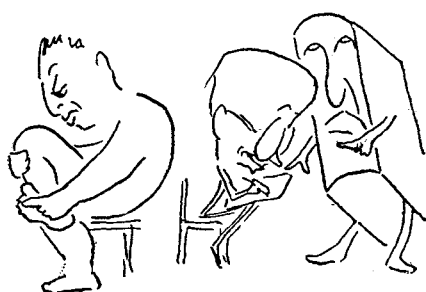
4. "Do you see that grand old book up on top? It is full of deep thoughts."



5. The Book: "Blub, blub, blub."



6. "Oh, BLUBBITY blub."



7. Instinct remembers a place where he once stubbed his toe.



8. "Why, the fellow's asleep again!"

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Books and Things

DEAR MAUD: Yours of the nineteenth instant to hand and contents noted. In reply would say that you wish me to suggest an itinerary for a young English friend of yours who is coming to the United States to see same. Your request reminds me of a story. It seems there was once a friend of mine who. . . . But I need not go on. Your letter sounds in spots as if you had misgivings about my Americanism. I guess I'll say enough to prove that I've got both feet planted squarely in our national tradition.

By the way, aren't you pretty stingy with your information? You don't say anything about your young friend except that she's an Englishwoman who writes novels. Thirty years ago, or forty, if you'd told me that much I'd have known that the first section of her pen-name was George, and that she wanted to get acquainted with what we used to call our Best Thinkers. Nowadays an English lady novelist may be anything from a first-class imaginative artist down to a smart guy or further down to just a plain boob. I mention no names, Maud, but you get me? Probably you do and probably you don't. Well, probably you do.

In default of information about the young lady I'll have to treat your request as if it was algebra. Blueprint stuff. So meet her on the dock, I say, and get her out of New York as soon as may be. One American may be unlike other Americans and still be an American. But a city of Americans isn't American if it's unlike other American cities. The East is no place for your guest. Neither is the Pacific coast. They aren't the real thing. Who was it called Chicago the America of the United States? He was dead right, barring a few points I'll touch on before I get through.

I'm forgetting one thing, though. Don't take her away from New York until you've shown her the escalator at Macy's. Ever since I first saw it I've realized that it is a symbol of American life. Everybody is going up to higher things, but the folks who use their legs get there quicker than those who rely on the upward stream of tendency. And make her notice that the men who are nearing the top don't on that account slow down. Of course, if you happen to strike a day when there's nobody but women on the escalator, some of this symbolism may look sort of baggy at the knees. But you'll fix things all right, won't you, Maud? Anyway, it's you not I who'll have to show your visitor the women of America. When it comes to women, I pass. As a young man on the road I used to get by well enough by calling them all "sister"; but times have changed.

It would be indelicate, and the police might not like it if they found out, but still I wish it was possible without violating the law, or those proprieties which are more sacred than any law except the Constitution, for your friend to borrow some gentleman's business suit and ride in the smoker. Some of the best friends a man ever had I've made in the smoker. Live wires they were, and souls of honor, men who had push and vision and faith in ultimate success, who gave their children the best schooling in the world and who never lost a customer. Repeat orders was their middle name. Some of them have died since, some are way up in G in the business world, and not one of them has retired. Not a quitter in the whole bunch. Harry is a typical case. He paid cash for both his cars, and he already knows the date when he'll place

his order for a third auto, if a certain proposition goes through. Perhaps I could arrange to put your friend in touch with Harry, if you'll guarantee that she won't try to make copy out of him. He is too sensitive and refined to stand for anything like that.

You may remember that there was a time when I was not a religious man, and even now, although once a month or so I am among those present in church, I really go there just to please the wife. Yes, I guess the credit is all Mrs. Currier's. But the other day I gave the religious proposition the once over when I was spending a week fishing in Northern Michigan, and I have reached certain conclusions, which I can make clearer to you if you'll permit me to repeat what they tell me is an old story, though it was new to me. It seems there were some Frenchmen who had got hold of a new religious idea, a big idea, which they tried to sell to a French politician named Talleyrand. When these theophilanthropists, as they called themselves, had had their innings Talleyrand turned to them and said: "Gentlemen, when Jesus Christ established a new religion he found it necessary to be crucified, dead, and buried, and to rise again the third day from the dead. Go and do likewise, and your religion will be worth discussing."

That represents what appears to me as an antiquated viewpoint. As I look about this great country of ours, with its rich crop of faiths that men can live by, and are living by and doing well, too, I realize the great difference between the Old World religion and every genuine American religion. The Old World religion said to mankind: "Come and suffer." The American religion—I don't care which you like to name—speaks with a richer and fuller voice. "Get on board and prosper," it says. And I say Amen to that. That is all the creed I need. A religion must be judged by its results in human values. Any religion is good if it teaches its believers how to cut costs and increase output. That means success and success means happiness, and the good God put us into the United States in order that we might work and save and add to our capital, and manage our own affairs without asking permission of any labor union or any foreign nation on this planet.

Well, Maud, I've let the old Remington carry me a good way from your friend and her sightseeing trip. When I'm dictating to either of my stenographers I generally manage to strike pretty close to les moutons, as Mrs. Currier says, but when I feel those friendly old keys under my fingers all the idealist in me seems to break loose and loose and more of it.

To resume: Take the lady to a medium-sized southern city—one where there's never been a lynching is preferable, as she might not see things in perspective just at first—take her to a small town in the middle west and to Chicago. That small town will be a Chicago: Chicago was that small town. What makes our American idealism so solid is that we can always boil it down, no matter what the subject under discussion, into just half a Western Union message: "Go thou and do likewise." That is Chicago's message, unless I'm greatly mistaken, to the rest of the United States. Just as her message to herself is: "More of the same." Surely this is a fortunate country of ours, where the highest kind of idealism shapes like that, like a repeat order bigger than the original.

As for that small middle western town you mean to show your visiting friend—well, you know my address, Maud, and my phone number.

Cordially and regardfully yours,

TURMERIC P. CURRIER.

The New American History

New Viewpoints in American History, by Arthur Meier Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.40.

"HISTORY," a distinguished historian has recently said, "may mean either the record of events or the events themselves." It is more or less generally realized that, in the sense of events, American history has made enormous progress since 1865, so that Lincoln would be less at home in the Chicago of today than in mediaeval London. It is not by any means as widely comprehended that, with respect to history as a *record* of events, equally revolutionary progress has been made. It is for the purpose of impressing the latter fact upon the intelligent public and the teaching profession that Professor Schlesinger has prepared his admirable summary exposition of some of the major phases of the achievements of scholarly historians of the present generation in constructing a veracious narrative of the evolution of American civilization. A few years ago Professor Max Farrand, in his brief but penetrating work on *The Development of the United States*, surveyed the history of our country on the basis of the newer scholarship and interpretations, but the aim of this work made it rather difficult to concentrate upon specific results of the improvements in American historiography. In this way Professor Schlesinger's work supplements that of Professor Farrand, and the two combined constitute the best introduction to the revised American history for both the educated public and the progressive and conscientious teacher.

The significance of the revolution in historical scholarship which is revealed in the present work can, perhaps, best be indicated by contrasting it with the accepted epic of the genesis and mission of the United States, as it has been formulated by our major literary historians and by the first generation of American academic historians. The American epic was formulated under the guidance of a combination of two long since discredited Germanic and Anglo-Saxon dogmas—the conceptions of history as past politics and as a dramatic unfolding of the mission of the *Weltgeist* and the national destiny. The culture and institutions of the Germanic-Anglo-Saxon-American peoples were believed to be but an elaboration and further development of the Aryan culture of our Indo-Germanic ancestors. The first important event in American history was the battle of the Teutoburg Forest in 9 A. D., in which our Germanic predecessors began their historic task of hurling back the effete and decadent Romans. Human liberty was born in the democratic Teutonic folkmoor, and was cherished and nourished along solely by Germanic peoples on the Continent and in the British Isles, being occasionally specifically manifested and embodied in such documents as the Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights, and finally transplanted to this country in the New England town-meeting and the Federal Constitution. Fleeing from European tyranny our colonial forefathers established a polity in which every form of human liberty flourished. After a century of democratic experiments they arose in virtuous indignation to defend the principles of "law and order" against "the revolutionary tyranny of a German king." This done, they established a central government and provided liberty with a permanent domicile through the production of "the greatest work that was ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The spirit of liberty and democracy was still further

extended until, in Jackson's time, there came in the democratic wave of the "thirties" "the culmination of God's wonder-working in the life of mankind." Carried on by the beneficent ideal of manifest destiny we brought within the fold of civilization the Louisiana territory, Florida, the Great Southwest, and the Oregon territory. Then the North, under divine instigation and guidance, crushed the demon of slavery, subdued the rebellious South, and preserved the Union, thus both completing the second great crusade for liberty and vindicating our Teutonic heritage of political capacity. These same groups who had won the Civil War immediately resisted the pusillanimity, if not treasonable leniency, of President Johnson, abolished racial distinctions, made liberty the heritage of the human race, and gave the Negroes full rights of citizenship under the fourteenth amendment, which deserves to rank with the Declaration of Independence as a charter of American liberties.

Under wise and "constructive" Republican rule we have since developed maturity and mellowness, culminating in the ascendancy of those "Christian men to whom God, in his infinite wisdom, has given the control of the property interests of the country," prosperity for the farmer, the "full dinner-pail" for the laborer, and the magnanimous extension of the liberal American dispensation to the benighted and barbarous peoples of the West Indies, Central America and the Islands of the Pacific. These noble achievements were the work of the male sex alone, the female existing solely to forward generation and nutrition, for historians as well as husbands during this period conceived of the role and place of woman according to a strict adherence to the Old Testament-Pauline-Augustinian viewpoint. Nor was our national record stained or sullied to the slightest degree by considerations of material interest; only spiritual and moral causes were operative in bringing to fruition our divinely designed and approved destiny.

The patient research and courageous expository writings of such historians as Andrews, Osgood, Fisher, Farrand, Beard, Libby, Turner, Schlesinger, Alvord, Justin Smith, Dodd, Becker, Paxson and many others of their type have assailed and demolished this epic at every point, and Professor Schlesinger, by setting forth only their more notable achievements, has clearly and vividly demonstrated how great a revision of the conventional views is necessary, if we are to have anything approaching an accurate notion of our national development. Our history can by no means be restricted to a record of political and military development. The most notable American achievements have been non-political in character. There is no ground whatever for an Aryan, Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon myth as the racial basis of American development. An unprecedented volume of immigration and a unique degree of racial mixture is the most striking fact about the biological and racial basis of American culture. Nor is our history an epic representing the mystic unfolding of the American manifestation of the *Weltgeist*, but rather the record of the building up of a modern civilization in a new land—a process severely conditioned by such geographic factors as separation from Europe and the topography of the frontier, and dependent upon technological and economic progress in Europe, as well as in the United States. With the exception of the confusion of the Revolutionary period and the epoch of Jackson, there has been no reasonable approximation to democracy in this country—the successive systems of dominant socio-political types having been antique aristocracy, slavocracy and plutocracy. While all of the great construc-

tive achievements of our history were the products of the representatives of the radicalism of their day, their work was not highly esteemed or eulogized until the forward march of historic events had left them far behind as seeming conservatives, to be canonized by the "stand-patters" of a later age. In this manner there developed the legend of "constructive conservatism." In the dynamic and dramatic story of American development the achievements of our women demand decent place and consideration, for they have borne the major hardships and been denied the compensation of public recognition of their contributions. Finally, the tendency to regard the colonial, revolutionary, constitution-making and abolitionist periods as a heroic age, with the resulting assignment of most of the space and attention in historical teaching and writing to these eras, has led students of American history to overlook the fact that the most significant period of our history, with respect to its bearing upon the explanation of contemporary conditions and problems, is that since the Civil War. The economic revolution, including the industrial revolution, the extension of transportation facilities, and the completion of western settlement, has brought about a new era of civilization. Not only have our economic and social institutions been completely revolutionized, but also the chief political, constitutional and international issues have been either created or very strictly conditioned by the economic changes of the last half-century.

The newer scholarship is not less destructive of the older views when its results are considered with respect to specific periods and phases of our development. Discovery and colonization were motivated quite as much by economic ambitions as by religious or political aspirations. The American Revolution must be interpreted as the result of the economic reaction of various classes to the new British imperial policy. The great seaboard merchants, while not desiring open warfare, hoped to intimidate the British statesmen by a show of opposition, and encouraged the rabble of the port towns in their rioting and harangues. Ultimately they found themselves unable to stem the movement they had set in motion. The landlords of the southern tidewater district, overwhelmingly in debt to British merchants, looked upon independence as perhaps the only way in which they could escape from the octopus of perpetual indebtedness. The frontiersmen were irritated by the ban upon occupation of the lands west of the Alleghenies. These classes, so diverse in nature and derivation, united in opposition to Great Britain and the social, political and intellectual aristocracy of the colonial period—the so-called Loyalists. The Federal Constitution was a practical document drawn up by representatives of the class of property-owners, security-holders, speculators in western lands, merchants and bankers, who wisely desired to escape from the economic and fiscal chaos of the government under the Articles of Confederation. The Constitution was opposed by the debtors, chiefly from the agricultural districts, who, in Hamilton's words, "did not wish to see a government established, one object of which will be to restrain the means of cheating creditors." Jacksonian democracy was neither a divine dispensation nor the product of personal or partisan depravity or perversity. It grew out of the frontier experiences, which rested upon an observed equality of men, and out of the reaction of the industrial proletariat against their oppressive treatment in the new factories of the east. The dogma of states-rights has not exhibited the pattern of a moral and constitutional principle rigidly adhered to by any particular section or party,

but has been an opportunist policy followed by almost every state in the union at different times when "economic interest or some other local advantage" has made the doctrine of state-sovereignty one which could be appealed to with profit. "Political parties have been almost as variable in this respect as the states." The history of political parties in the United States since 1865 well illustrates the sociological principle of the frequent triumph of organization and machinery over principles and issues. Neither party has taken any vital or constructive stand towards the issues of the contemporary era or maintained any position whatever in a consistent manner. The only significant issue between the major parties is the spoils of office. The difference in their policy is one of degree only, namely, that, on the whole, since 1865, the Democratic party has been slightly more solicitous of the welfare of the common man.

This is, in brief outline, the picture of some of the newer interpretations of American history which Professor Schlesinger draws in language distinguished alike for clarity and moderation of tone. The only regret that the reviewer would desire to express is that the newer viewpoints on several other vital phases of American history, such as the history of the fourteenth amendment since 1866 or the possible correlation between economic interests and the majority decisions of the United States Supreme Court, were not included, and that the chapters on biological, geographic and economic factors were not supplemented by one indicating the importance of psychological and cultural elements. Perhaps the author will favor us with these in a second edition.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Harriett Frean

Life and Death of Harriett Frean, by May Sinclair.
New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

HARRIETT FREAN is a terrifying book; it so ruthlessly exposes the danger of being beautifully brought up. It carries Harriett, the only child of cultured—not cultivated—parents, straight through her blameless life from her black walnut crib to her spinster old age. It is its awful quiet commonplace that makes the story so convincing; we have all had maiden aunts—brought up on Evangeline—who were exactly like Harriett. She was poisoned to the bone by the virus of the intellectual "prunes, prisms and prunella" attitude, the unflinching egoism of correct behavior, with the innocuous virtues and self-protective cruelty of the consequent sterility: the terrible binding power of acquired catchword standards, as crippling as the deformed feet of a Chinese lady.

It is in no sense a novel. It is a tragedy of the meticulous. Harriett's life is as smooth and glassily reflecting as a mill pond. But no one can read it without flashes of self-realization that are as startling as the isolating brilliance of a searchlight, showing the dark rocks of our balked impulses, the treacherous sandbars and shallows of our judgments and our self-deceptions.

In that dangerous place the home Harriett, as a child, was stifled by the miasma of excessive parental devotion; the family was enveloped in a fog of mutual admiration which blurred all outside realities. Her parents were advanced for their day—her father toyed with Darwin and wrote for the Spectator—and she received the result, but not the process, of their point of view with as exact a stamp as if she were a piece of sealing wax which hardened,

thin and brittle, and remained unchanged except for growing worn and blunted with the years. Their moral maxims were, "Forget ugly things. Always behave beautifully." She obeyed them to the letter, except for one experiment in disobedience, which ended in a fright, but even that her parents smoothed over by emphasizing the flowers that grew in the forbidden lane, and so nearly convinced her that there was nothing horrible about the man who lived there, that she became invulnerable to the stories that the other children told about him.

Her only friends were the children of her parents' friends—who carelessly allowed themselves to be patronized—except for Prissy, a clinging child, whom she met at boarding school. She avoided young men; she felt at a disadvantage with them. Robin, Prissy's fiancé, was the only one she knew well, but when he and she fell in love with each other, she refused to ruin Prissy's life, but with the inevitable beautiful gesture insisted upon his marrying Prissy and being miserable for the rest of his days.

When her father failed in business and then died, her behavior nobly stood the strain and she wrote in her correct, precise answers to the letters of condolence, "I feel that he is nearer to us than he ever was." She did not really feel it, she only felt that to feel it was the beautiful and proper thing. It was different when her mother died. "Through her absorption in her mother some large essential part of herself had gone. All the memories of her mother were joined to the memory of this now irrecoverable self. She tried to reinstate herself through grief; she sheltered behind her bereavement, abhorring strangers. She was more than ever the reserved fastidious daughter of Hilton Frean."

So she withered on through the years, devoting herself wholly to her house, and seeing only her childhood friends, until at last she became ill and was taken to the hospital. "She was not afraid of the operation. Only one thing worried her—under anaesthetics you said things, shocking indecent things. But there wasn't anything she could say—she didn't know anything. Yes. She did—Connie's stories, the man in Black Lane—" And she died talking about them. Only death could shake the unreality of her correct behavior.

Harriett Frean is written with an artistic restraint and lucidity that make it remarkable as a piece of prose. It is a cameo portrait cut with delicate precision and satanic insight. All of Miss Sinclair's recent books have been incursions into the field of the psycho-analyst. In *The Romantic*, she gave the fear reactions of a degenerate; in *Mr. Waddington of Wyck* an example of the inflated ego. Both cases were specimens and rather too generic. But while Harriett Frean is also a typical case, the psychology is completely assimilated, and one almost dares say "suppressed." For this is life itself, with X-rays revealing the mechanism of the mental processes.

It seems to be the fashion for reviewers to attribute these recent developments of Miss Sinclair to the influence of Dorothy Richardson. Why is it not rather true that they are both of them women who are profoundly sensitive to the influences of the day, completely courageous and of unswerving honesty? Of the two Dorothy Richardson is probably the more brilliant and original, but Miss Sinclair is more powerful and quite as sensitive, and has the immense advantages of a simple style. Both of them have written of women with a clear-sightedness of which few men have been capable and they have also revealed men as women see them.

UNA HUNT.

The Later de la Mare

The Veil, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

Down-Adown-Derry, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.

THE mood of entrancement has never been rendered more abundantly than in the poetry of Walter de la Mare. The mood itself is rare in literature: sometimes it comes into drama—"Full fathom five thy father lies," or "False Friend wilt thou sigh or weep when my life is laid asleep," or into a narrative poem—"The splendour falls on castle walls." The poetry of such a mood is marginal, not central; when every other revelation has been made this can be made; it comes unforgettably between a day of action and a night of despair.

And when one has said that Walter de la Mare has rendered this mood abundantly one has said that he has over-rendered it. "Be not too wildly amorous of the far," he says in one of the poems in his new volume. But the later poems are still of the far.

There was a country—
Lost the memory. . . .

He has prolonged the mood of entrancement from *The Listeners* into *Motley*, and from *Motley* into *The Veil*.

The Veil is the decadence of this poetry of entrancement; the poet's vision has become a repeated vision; his music has become a repeated music. *The Old Fisherman* is a beautiful poem and one that is as original as anything that Mr. de la Mare has done, and *The Gallilass* has a unique charm. But the rest give us the impression that they might have been written by a disciple who had steeped himself in *The Listeners*. But if this is a decadence one could wish that some of our writers of verse would learn from it—from its delicate music, from its perfected idiom, from its disciplined art. Mr. de la Mare is with Yeats and Bridges in his learning and exquisite accomplishment.

Down-Adown-Derry is a collection of Mr. de la Mare's fairy poems—some are new, some are from *The Listeners*, some are from *Peacock Pie*, and some are from *The Veil*. The volume has illustrations that make it a book for children, and one would like to believe that there are some imaginative enough to make *Down-Adown-Derry* as much of a classic as *A Child's Garden of Verses*.

Between *A Child's Garden of Verses* and *Down-Adown-Derry* there is as much difference as between a hobby-horse and a live bird. Most children will get on better with the hobby-horse. They will remember Leary the lamplighter passing by when their memory of "The courts of the lord Pthamasar where the sweet birds of Psuthys are" will have faded. So it will be for most children. But for the rare imaginative child *Down-Adown-Derry* will have a great appeal. One might be sorry for the child who absorbs these glamorous poems—Will not Cumberland and *The Little Green Orchard* and Truants take the magic out of many poems he or she will read afterwards!

These fairy poems are full of the elfin, and they are steeped in a tradition too. Walter de la Mare has heard the horns of Elfland, but he has heard them from a definite spot—from the English countryside, with its fields and lanes and villages, with its houses full of dear and familiar

things, where there are maids and men who know of Lobbie-by-the-fire and the Rides-by-nights, and witches and changelings, and the witch's great grandchildren. To the child who is imaginative enough to take possession of it he gives a double garden. Very graciously he makes his offering:

As I came out of Wiseman's Street,
The air was thick with driving sleet;
Crossing over Proudman's Square,
Cold clouds and lowering dulled the air;
But as I turned to Goodman's Lane,
The burning sun came out again;
And on the roof of Children's Row
In solemn glory shone the snow.
There did I lodge; there hope to die:
Envy no man—no, not I.

Down-Adown-Derry has both quaintness and sorcery, and much of the rare mood of entrancement that is in *The Listeners*.

One cannot write at length about this book without repeating everything that has been said about Walter de la Mare's poetry: in it he gives us, whether we are adults or children, lovely, whimsical and enchanting poetry.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Pollyanna at the Washington Conference

The Great Adventure at Washington, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. \$2.50.
Peacemakers, Blessed and Otherwise, by Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.60.

YOU cannot, says Mr. Sullivan in his opening sentence, you cannot do all the working and thinking involved in writing a book like this without learning a good deal. Oh, yes, you can; indeed, you can. Mr. Sullivan has.

Can this be the Mark Sullivan of the brave days of the old *Collier's* and Norman Hapgood, the Mark Sullivan who cut brilliantly under the shams of national boss politics and the prosperity bunk of the natural resource grabbers? This Mark Sullivan who unctuates glucosely over everybody and everything at the Armament Conference and threshes himself into an ecstatic frenzy of gush over statesmen's public speeches? Who tells you that he has discovered at long last that Mr. Balfour is a cruelly misunderstood soul and that behind his inscrutable face and bored manner is a heart that beats with passion for humanity which his English colleagues have never recognized and Mr. Sullivan himself never recognized until the Washington Conference? Who tells you that Mr. Hughes at the Conference let "all the world look in at all there is of his mind and heart as they move freely in action?" Who tells you that Elihu Root, "a spectacle to command attention like some splendid monument . . . looking at the world with serene abstraction . . . considered the tides of evolution and the stars of direction and put his mind upon what was to be done about that four hundred million human beings who compose the largest single nation on the earth's surface"—and then, it might be added, conceived the four Root Principles as the Magna Carta of China, whereat even the Chinese ricksha coolies snicker sophisticatedly?

No, this is not that Mark Sullivan. Someone must have played a practical joke on him and his publishers. I

cannot believe that any adult with eyes and ears and reasoning faculties could have watched the Conference at close range every day for three months as Mr. Sullivan did and understood so little what was happening. Had Mr. Sullivan covered his political conventions as he writes of the Conference he would have exulted in the name of the people at the keynote addresses and the party platforms. See, he would have said, the Republican platform declares for the rights of the people, and the Democratic platform declares for the rights of the people. Are not the American people fortunated beyond all peoples on earth?

I might go on and ask whether this is the Ida Tarbell of the Standard Oil exposé, except that Miss Tarbell disclaims any great intentions. More wary and noncommittal, she puts forward her book not as a history or critical examination of the Conference but only as a body of reflections called out by the occasion. As such they are sane and sensible and worth while, except that she wears too conspicuously on her sleeve the broken heart of the world.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

What's What In the Labor Movement, compiled by Waldo R. Browne. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$4.00.

MR. BROWNE has compiled something between a dictionary and an encyclopedia of labor terms. He begins with A. D. G. B. which is a German equivalent for the American A. F. of L. and ends with "Zone Clearance System," a phrase of significance in the United States Employment service. Within these limits a bulky array of topics are defined. The need for a work which treats in comprehensive fashion industrial literature has been felt since Lalor's *Encyclopedia of Social Reform* became obsolete. The American Federation of Labor made an effort to supply the want with a volume of its own. This, however, was an encyclopedia only in name. It was an index to resolutions passed by the Federation but of no other value to students. Mr. Browne has done a much more scholarly task and still the design of his book narrows sharply its utility. It does not pretend to cover the field as Lalor did and it is not clear that a somewhat elaborate dictionary responds to any widespread demand. Nevertheless, for those general readers who want to know what the leaders mean by the phrases current in the labor movement, this book may be useful.

W. L. C.

Contributors

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